

JIM BROWN RATES
THE RUNNING BACKS



SPORT

OCTOBER 1984/\$2

WALTER PAYTON

THEY CALL HIM

SWEETNESS

**HE CAN RUN.
YOU KNOW THAT.
BUT HE CAN
ALSO THROW
THE BALL 100
YARDS, KICK
THE BALL 75
YARDS AND
WALK 50
YARDS ON
HIS HANDS.**

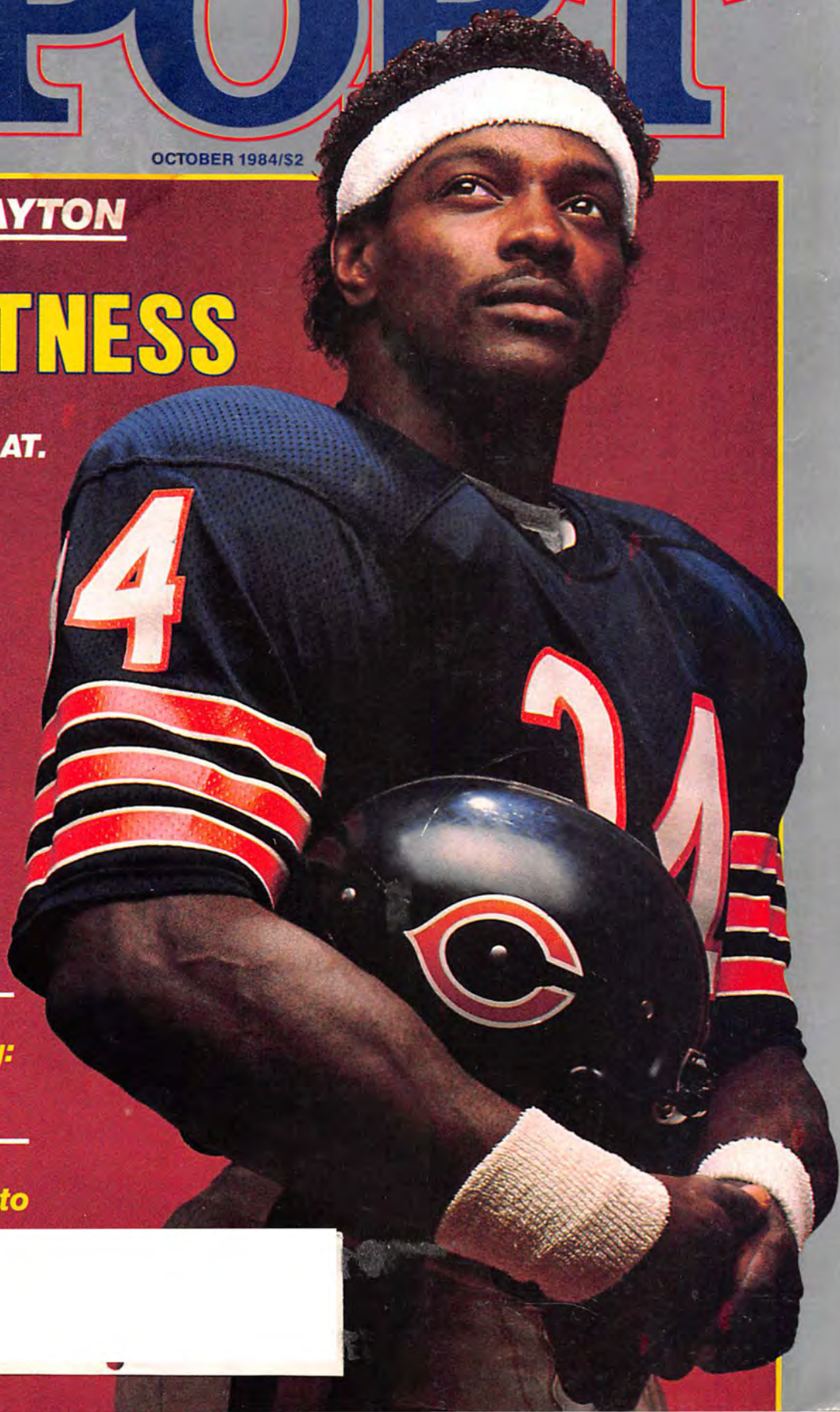
PLUS

BASEBALL

**Does Mother
Nature Like the
Cubs?**

**Righthanded
And Right Wing:
Confessions
Of a Padre**

**It's Not Easy
Being Mario Soto**



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4x4xFord!

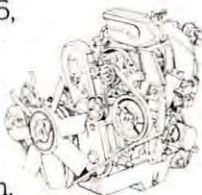
Only Ford gives you a choice of big and small 4x4 pickups with independent front suspension.

And for '85, Ford's high-output engines make their performance even more exciting.

Ford's responsive power gives you extra muscle off the road, extra pleasure wherever you drive. Strong reasons to choose the 4x4's that lead all others in total sales*.

New Ranger power.

For '85, Ranger has a new 2.3L 4-cylinder engine with electronic fuel injection, standard. Or, you can go with Ranger's 2.8L V-6, the



most powerful engine in any small pickup.

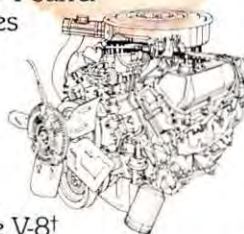
Some choice!

More '85 news: 5-speed manual overdrive is now standard with all engines, new 4-speed automatic overdrive transmission optional with V-6.

Big F-Series power.

Ford's big 4x4's offer you a choice of five husky engines. Every one from standard 4.9L Six up leads its nearest competitor's in load-moving torque.

And the 5.8L High Output V-8 with 4-barrel carb gives you 45 more horse-power than Chevy's mid-size V-8†



Tough suspensions.

Both big and small 4x4's have Ford's exclusive Twin-Traction-Beam front suspension. Independent wheel action absorbs off-road jolts and helps keep wheels glued to the ground. Both give you Ford's proven 4-wheel-drive system with manual or optional automatic locking hubs.

Biggest pickup choice.

Pick short or long-bed Ranger. Or F-Series Regular Cab, exclusive SuperCab or 4-door Crew Cab—plus

payloads big as 4,485 lb. Nobody else does so much to meet your needs!

Quality is Job 1.

This isn't just a phrase. It's a commitment to total quality, which begins with the design and engineering of our trucks and continues through the life of the product. And the commitment continues for 1985. Ford is determined to build the finest trucks in the world.

Lifetime Service Guarantee.

As part of Ford Motor Company's commitment to your total satisfaction, participating Ford Dealers stand behind their work, in writing, with a Lifetime Service Guarantee. No other car companies' dealers, foreign or domestic, offer this kind of security. Nobody. See your participating Ford Dealer for details.

* Based on latest available registration data.
† Optional; not available in California or with manual transmission. Horsepower based on SAE Standard J1349.



"My Ford Pickup & Me."

"My Ford Ranger & Me."

AMERICA'S
TRUCK **BUILT FORD TOUGH**



Ford Ranger



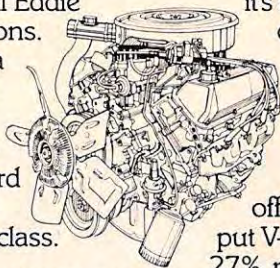
Get it together—Buckle up!

Ford Pickup

More Bauer to you!

Ford Bronco and Bronco II—
not one but two tough
4-wheelers for '85—both with
Eddie Bauer style. They're all
dressed up with everywhere to go!

Now Ford offers
you a choice of big
Bronco (seats 5 or 6) or
trim-size Bronco II (seats
4) in special Eddie
Bauer editions. Both have a
lot of good
things in
common—
besides Ford
toughness
and Bauer class.



More power to you.

Both lead their fields
in power. Power that
eases you through hard
off-road going and makes

all driving more fun.

Bronco II's 2.8L V-6
is the most powerful in
any small 4-wheeler. And
it's standard at no extra
cost. Bronco starts
with a big high-
torque 4.9L Six
standard. Adds a
peppy 5.0L V-8
option. And now
offers a 5.8L High Out-
put V-8 with 4V carb—and
27% more horsepower*
than Blazer's biggest engine.

Unique suspensions.

Both Broncos have
independent front suspen-

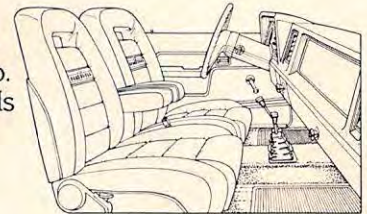
sion to absorb off-road
jolts so you don't have to.
And to help keep wheels
glued to the ground
for solid traction.

Both give you a
proven 4-wheel-drive
system with a choice of
manual or optional auto-
matic locking hubs.

And now both offer
you the special looks and
luxury of Eddie Bauer
editions.

Eddie Bauer Broncos.

These unique
4-wheelers have high-
styled interior and exte-
rior trim. They include
dual Captain's Chairs,
floor console and much
more. Plus Eddie Bauer
gear bag, travel blanket
and visor organizer. And,
to top it all, "Ford Care"
24-month/24,000-mile



maintenance limited war-
ranty plan. It's one beau-
tiful package!

Quality is Job 1.

This isn't just a
phrase. It's a commitment
to total quality, which
begins with the design
and engineering of our
trucks and continues
through the life of the
product. And the commit-
ment continues for 1985.
Ford is determined to
build the finest trucks in
the world.

Lifetime Service Guarantee

As part of Ford
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Guarantee. No other car
companies' dealers, for-
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kind of security. Nobody.
See your participating
Ford Dealer for details.

*Horsepower based on SAE Standard
J1349. Optional 5.8L HO V-8 not available
in California or with manual transmission.



"My Ford Bronco & Me."

"My Bronco II & Me."

AMERICA'S
TRUCK **BUILT**
FORD
TOUGH



Ford Bronco



Get it together—Buckle up!

Ford Bronco II

NEW LUCKY LIGHTS!

**Extra Mild!
Low Tar!
Great Taste!**

100's:
Only 9 mgs. tar.
0.8 mg. nic.



Kings:
Only 8 mgs. tar.
0.7 mg. nic.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Lights: 8 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine; 100's: 9 mg.
"tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

SPORT

OCTOBER 1984

OUR 38TH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

VOL. 75 NO. 10

THE SECOND COMING

30

His teammates laud him, his opponents applaud him. But most people still don't realize how good he is. Can the best player in football be underrated? Walter Payton is.

By Kevin Lamb

• **Jim Brown Rates the Running Backs.** How does the Great One himself grade today's NFL ballcarriers? Here's his report card.

WORKING THE DAY SHIFT

40

Why haven't the Chicago Cubs won a pennant since 1945? The answer is always the same: all those day games. But is that fact or fancy? It depends who you talk to—not even the Cubs know for sure.

By Glen Waggoner

THE MAN AND THE MOON

51

The franchise, Earl Campbell, wants to run with the football. The investment, Warren Moon, is getting six million to throw it. Add more ingredients and you have coach Hugh Campbell's soup. Will it satisfy starving Houston fans? By Chet Fussman

SOTO: THE YEAR OF LIVING DANGEROUSLY

62

He may be the best pitcher in baseball, but he's never been a



40 Daydreaming



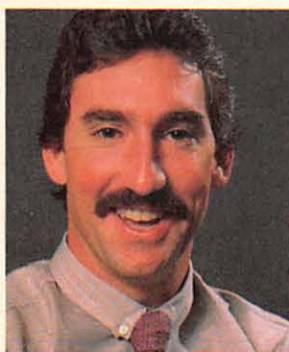
30 Ursa major



62 Soto voce



51 Campbell's soup



23 Show time

20-game winner. He's a public figure who jealously guards his privacy. He's a quiet man who can turn violent on the mound. His best season has been his worst year. It's not easy being Mario Soto.

By Jeff Coplon

OUT OF BOUNDS: DIARY OF A WILD SEASON

75

Somewhere between the NBA and oblivion is a haven for the lost souls of pro basketball. Where talented players look for their heads, and heady players look for talent. Where coaches look for a chance, and referees look for the exits. Welcome to the Continental Basketball Association.

By Charley Rosen

INTERVIEW: ERIC SHOW

23

He pitches for the San Diego Padres and for the John Birch Society. Eric "Professor" Show throws right, bats right and thinks far right.

By Bob Kravitz

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Tomorrow's standings, yesterday's catch and *USA Today*.

CALLING CARDS

Tim McCarver's article, "How a Catcher Calls a Game" (August), was excellent reading and should be devoured by young catchers and pitchers. I was a catcher in high school and college, and the article brought back memories of games lost because a pitcher insisted on throwing "his pitch." Catchers everywhere know the empty feeling of being shook off and then watching the winning run score on the next pitch. Pitchers, being at center stage, have the feeling they control the game. McCarver is to be congratulated for pointing out how a catcher orchestrates action.

Marc Steven Diemer
Peru, Illinois

Tim McCarver's article opened my eyes to the world of catchers. I've been a baseball fan for years, but I must confess, whenever I evaluated a catcher's skills, I used the familiar benchmarks of arm, defense and hitting ability. The catcher's relationship with each pitcher almost makes him a member of the staff. From now on, whenever I'm in a discussion about great pitching staffs, such as that of the 1969 New York Mets, I'll mention Jerry Grote in the same breath as Seaver, Koosman, Ryan and Gentry.

Marc Salvatore
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

FANS' NOTES

You've done it again: you picked a team to finish ahead of the Dolphins in the AFC East (NFL Preview, August). When will Miami be appreciated? The Dolphins are led by the brightest coach in football—Don Shula—and with Dan Marino at the controls, they will breeze to another division title. I was dismayed, but not surprised, to find New England in front of the Dolphins. This season, Steve Grogan will show his true colors and prove you wrong. Who will you pick ahead of Miami next year—Indianapolis?

Roger W. Neal
Owego, New York

You should be commended for praising New England Patriots quarterback Steve

Grogan. When the Patriots were winning, Grogan was overshadowed by his teammates. Then, when the Patriots were losing, he was unjustifiably criticized. However, last year when Grogan could not play, the offense sputtered. Steve has gone unnoticed for too long. Thanks for giving him the attention he deserves.

Art O'Neil
Manchester, New Hampshire

It seems you believe the football world ends at the American-Canadian border. Are you not familiar with Warren Moon's impressive career in Canada? One does not lead his team to five consecutive championships or be rated the No. 1 passer four years running or set pro football records by doing things wrong. When Moon led his team to 10 victories in 10 sudden-death playoff games, he showed determination, a cool hand under fire and superb judgment in do-or-die situations. He will be just as successful in the NFL.

Stephen F. Paynter
Ottawa, Ontario
For an examination of whether Moon will light up the Houston Oilers or go into eclipse, see page 51.—Ed.

In your preview you said that in the year 1994 Walter Payton will be leading everyone in all-time rushing—great, I like Walter too—but you also said Eric Dickerson would have only a slim 10,027 yards after the 1994 season. That means that in the next 10 years he will only rush for 821 yards a year, and an average of only 51.3 yards a game. That is just a little hard to believe.

Dean Roberts
Tustin, California

BORN FOR THE USA

I liked the article on *USA Today* (Media Guide, August). Nearly a month ago I went to the barber and picked up *USA Today* while I waited. When my turn came, the barber asked me if I liked *USA*. I said, "Sure. Do you?" He quickly replied, "I like it better than the *New York Times*, because with *USA* you don't have to read between the lines." Enough said.

Richard Sheridan II
Madison, Wisconsin

Go ahead—applaud us, argue with us, advise us, amuse us. Address your letters to: *Fanfare*, *SPORT Magazine*, 119 West 40th Street, N.Y., N.Y. 10018.

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Hennessy

the civilized way
to call it a day



The world's most civilized spirit



For a personal fit,
play 2000 innings.

For a personal fit, just wash.

After a season or two, no one can wear your baseball glove but you.

The leather and the padding have so closely conformed to your special shape that the glove actually seems to anticipate your every move.

A relationship *that* uniquely personal takes months—even years—to develop.

With one notable exception.

Levi's® button-fly 501® Blues.

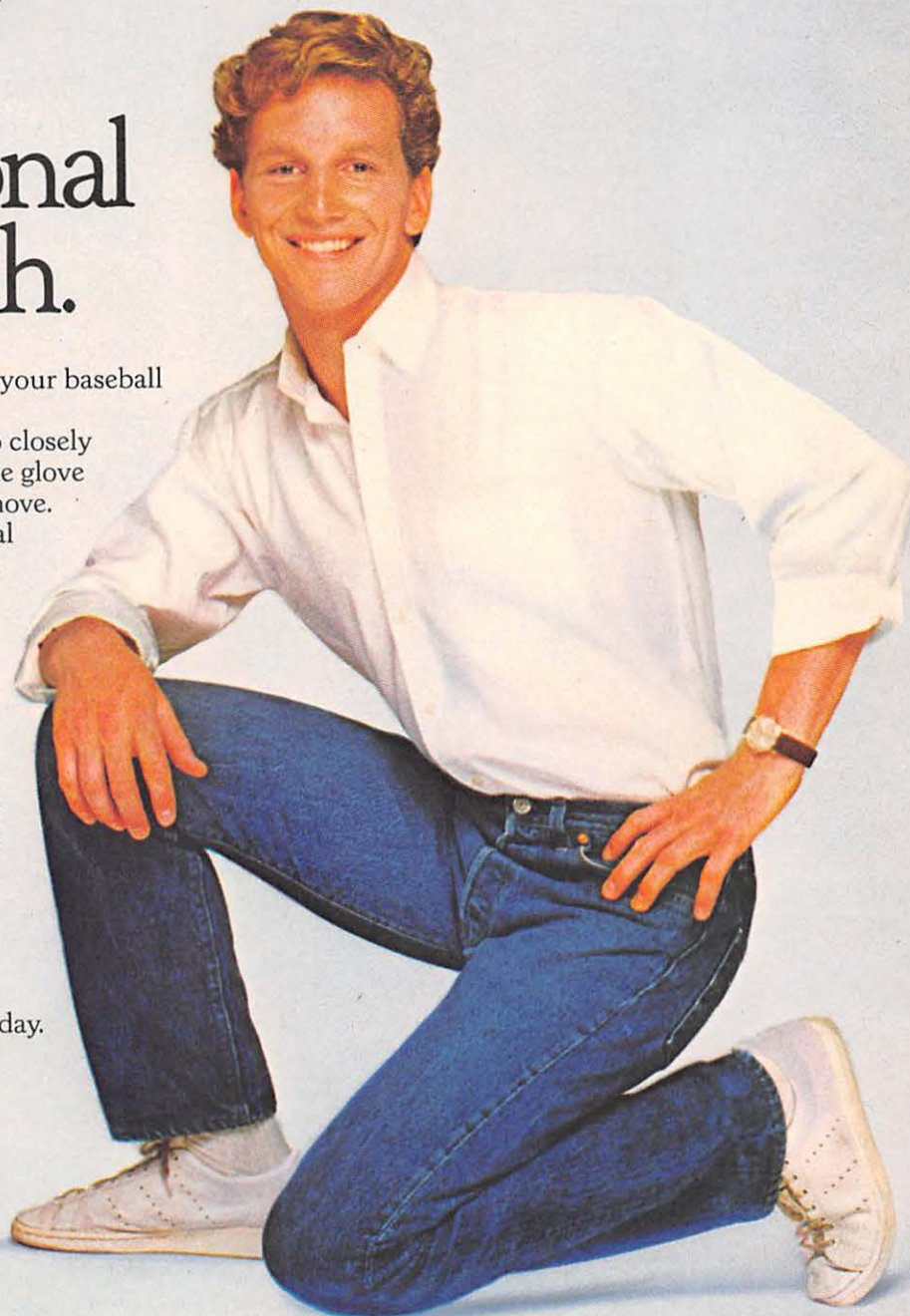
They're made of a legendary denim that shrinks down in the washing machine to fit only you. Your waist, your legs, *you*.

For the Shrink-to-Fit™ 501 jeans, this personal fit takes just three quick turns through the wash. And for Pre-Shrunk 501 jeans, only one.

It's like having your jeans custom tailored. For a fit no ordinary jeans can begin to match.

Levi's 501 Blues.

The fit of a lifetime. In less than one day.



501

Levi's Button-Fly 501 Blues.



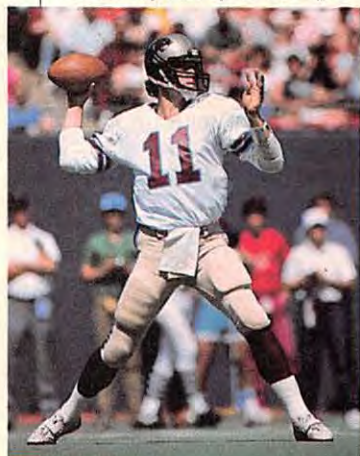
SPORT TALK

Court cases, collect calls & confined coaches.

Edited by Barry Shapiro.

NFL EYES USFL'S PRIZE

Now that quarterback Warren Moon has parlayed his success in the Canadian Football League into a \$1-million-a-year NFL contract (see page 51), league sources say Bobby Hebert (pro-



Hebert: The new Moon?

nounced AYbear) of the USFL's Panthers may be the next convert.

The Cowboys and Raiders are among six NFL teams that hold Hebert, the USFL's most prolific quarterback, in esteem. The 6-4, 208-pound native of Cutoff, Louisiana, holds league records for most TD passes (5) and most yards passing (444) in one game. Hebert led the Panthers to a USFL championship in 1983 and was named championship game MVP.

Last season started as a repeat

of the first. The Panthers got off to a 6-0 start. But Hebert, miffed that his \$85,000 salary was less than that of center Wayne Radloff, asked his agent, Greg Campbell, to shop him around the NFL. The Cowboys responded with a \$1.5-million offer.

Then, Panthers wide receiver Anthony Carter broke his arm. Without him, the offense fell apart and Michigan lost four in a row (winding up 10-9). Operations director Mike Keller suggested to a writer that Hebert was to blame. His apology afterward didn't appease Campbell, who feels Keller "is personally trying to destroy Hebert with his mouth. He told *USA Today* that Bobby turned down a \$1-million offer at midseason, 'but with his injuries and problems he couldn't get half of that now.' Bobby's 'injuries' amounted to postseason arthroscopic knee surgery that was so minor he wasn't even administered anesthesia."

The surgery hasn't dissuaded the Cowboys. "We were disappointed when Hebert signed with the Panthers [out of Northwestern Louisiana State University]," says personnel director Gil Brandt. "He would be a very good NFL quarterback. When his obligation with Michigan is fulfilled, you bet we're interested."

Hebert must put in one more season with the Panthers before he can jump to the NFL. According to Campbell, a \$1-million signing bonus awaits him.

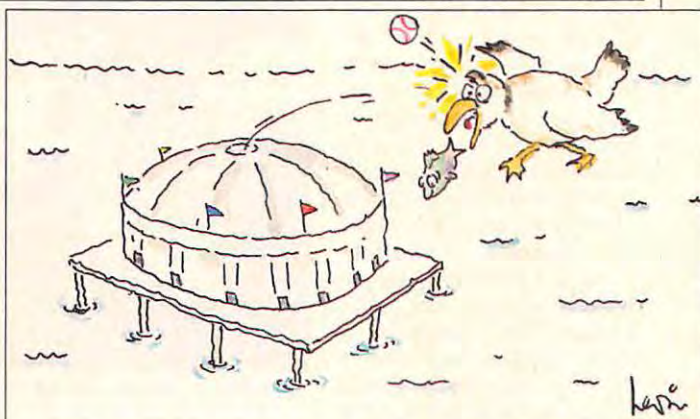


ILLUSTRATION BY ARNIE LEVIN

HITTIN' ON THE DOCK OF THE BAY

In its search for a stadium to replace windy, frigid Candlestick Park, San Francisco has received a proposal that is, well, all wet: an 83,000-seat dome that floats on water.

The idea was submitted by Earl and Wright, an engineering firm that specializes in off-shore drilling platforms. It calls for the stadium to be built on an 850-foot barge that would be anchored in San Francisco Bay.

"I know we run the risk of sounding like kooks, but the project is very feasible," says Webb Hayes, president of Earl and Wright. "San Francisco is hurting for land to build on, so the Bay is a logical place. Plus, a barge reduces cost because you don't have to build a foundation and it's earthquake-proof."

Hayes says a floating home for the Giants and 49ers would cost

about \$175 million. It would feature a retractable dome, and parking for 3,000 cars below the waterline. And there's no way fans could get seasick because the stadium would rest on supports 30 feet deep in the water.

Although the proposal first met with skepticism, then laughter, Hayes says the city is now considering it along with possible locations. "The Embarcadero, near the San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge, is good because it's close to midtown and also reachable by ferry."

Mayor Diane Feinstein recently announced the city doesn't have money for a new stadium right now. But Hayes feels she's missing the boat. "It would be a hell of an attraction. Plus it would make the Giants the only baseball team able to play home and away games in the same stadium."

THE COLOMBIAN CLIPPER

Red Sox shortstop Joaquin (Jackie) Gutierrez is a man with a dream of playing on a championship team, of starting in the All-Star Game and, more immediately, of winning American League rookie of the year honors in 1984. Mike Schmulson, a Colombian commodities trader who moonlights as a sports promoter, is a man with a scheme—to make baseball Colombia's No. 1 sport through their beloved "Jauco."

Schmulson brought together

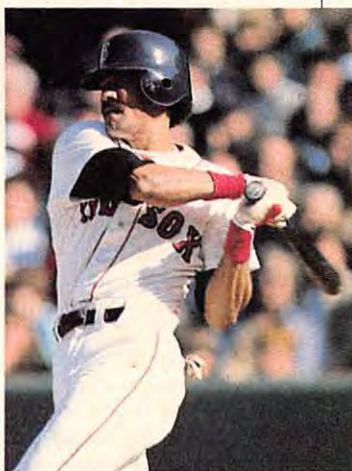
Colombian banks, breweries and Avianca Airlines to sponsor 20 live broadcasts of Red Sox games back to Colombia this season. Thanks to Jauco, says Schmulson, "the Red Sox have knocked off the Yankees and the Dodgers as Colombia's team."

More importantly, says Schmulson, "Jauco is the son of a new era of professional baseball in Colombia," an era when baseball emerges from the shadows of boxing, track and soccer.

In his hometown of Cartagena, Gutierrez was the franchise. In Boston, according to the Colombian media, he is the sport. Play-

by-play man Marcos Perez (Schmulson does the color) refers to the Sox as "el equipo de Gutierrez"—Jackie's team. Batters coming to the plate are introduced this way: "El compañero de Jauco [Jackie's friend], Jim Rice."

Schmulson hopes to beam back 60 games to Colombia in 1985. The demand should be great, since Jauco may not perform for his fans back home over the winter, as he's done the last four years. "Colombian baseball is good for Double-A players," says Schmulson, "and now Jackie's just too good. Maybe he'll play in Puerto Rico instead."



Jauco: Béisbol ambassador.

DUELING DIAL TONES

With the breakup of AT&T, get ready for head-to-head competition between Sports Phone and Dial Sports in an attempt to dominate this now-lucrative market for the latest scores and sports news over the telephone.

Prior to the divestiture of the phone company, the two producers of these 60- to 90-second recorded messages were paid a flat fee by AT&T. Deregulation has changed that; the producers now share in the billing of each call. Sports Phone, which started in New York in 1972, gets two cents per call in New York. While the company will not disclose what arrangements were made when it expanded to Chicago,



King Wally: One of the big operators.

Detroit, Atlanta and New Orleans, consider that Sports Phone received 65 million calls last year.

Mike Walczewski, director of Sports Phone's programming

(who's also known as King Wally, his *nom de phone*), says the huge cost of starting these services has driven others out of the market. A battery of machines process the reports, interviews and features phoned in by the 200 to 300 stringers planted at every pro and major college game. Messages are updated almost 70 times a day. During the NFL season, Sunday's recordings are updated every two minutes. "The NFL draft day," says King Wally, "is our biggest day of the year."

Dial Sports, which since 1980 has run the national program on the 900 exchange—the call that costs 50 cents—has set up local

services in New York, Philadelphia, Los Angeles, Atlanta, New Orleans, San Francisco and Sacramento. Mickey Charles, the president of Dial Sports, estimates that his service receives between 10 and 50 million calls a year. He views Sports Phone's "Quickie Quiz" and other contests with disdain. "We try for a more journalistic approach," says Charles. "We do reports, analyses and up-to-the-minute Las Vegas odds."

One thing both Walczewski and Charles agree upon is it's only a matter of time before their services invade other major markets like Boston, Baltimore and Miami. As soon as the local phone companies set their tariffs and laws, they'll pounce. "We hope to be in all of them within a year," says Charles.

A SHOT AT COACH CONTROL

Does a boisterous coach incite basketball fans into unruly behavior? The NCAA thinks so, and will unveil the Coaching Box Rule, designed to put a leash on

the issue of crowd control, says Jerry Krause, committee member and coach at Eastern Washington University. Five years ago, they pushed through a "complete sit-down rule," forbidding coaches to stand up except in certain circumstances. "We didn't even make it to Christmas with that one," says Krause.

This time, coaches will be confined to a boxed area stretching from the 28-foot hashmark to the end line. The only times they may stray from the box are during timeouts, halftime and for specific queries to scorers and timers. "It's specific and enforceable," says Krause. "I think we can coach well in this framework and still maintain decorum."

Other coaches aren't so sure. In a survey, members of the National Association of Basketball Coaches voted against the box by almost two to one. "The coaching box perpetuates [referee] incompetence," says Georgetown's John Thompson. "A good official should be able to make you sit down, and do so in a professional manner."

Michigan State's Jud Heathcote says he supports the rule only because "I don't want to see coaches take the blame anymore for the so-called irrational crowd behavior. There will still be problems, but now they'll have to blame it on the cheerleaders, the weather or whatever."

STATS

The Bureau of Labor Statistics tells us that the Consumer Price Index has skyrocketed 230 percent over the last 20 years. But that's nothing compared with the jump in what we call the Sports Champions Inflation Index, as measured by the winner's share in the World Series, Super Bowl, Stanley Cup finals, NBA finals and NCAA basketball's Final Four.

In 1964, for example, each Cardinal took home \$8,622.19 for winning the World Series. Last year each Oriole pocketed \$65,487.70, a 660 percent in-

crease. Over the same period, the NFL champion's share vaulted 347 percent. The biggest difference is in college basketball, where the four schools in the Final Four hauled in \$648,630—a gain of more than 3,000 percent from the \$20,516.61 received by UCLA and Duke, the NCAA finalists in 1964.

In our chart, we converted the 1964 shares into 1984 dollars by factoring in the rise in the Consumer Price Index. The last column is the net increase after inflation in winning shares over 20 years.

SPORT	1964 WINNER'S SHARE	1964 SHARE IN 1984 DOLLARS	1984 WINNER'S SHARE	NET INCREASE AFTER INFLATION
BASEBALL	\$8,622	\$28,453	\$65,487	130%
FOOTBALL	\$8,052	\$26,571	\$36,000	35%
HOCKEY	\$4,000	\$13,200	\$20,000	52%
BASKETBALL*	\$51,500	\$169,950	\$505,000	197%
NCAA BASKETBALL	\$20,516	\$67,704	\$648,630	858%

*Team share



A Bob in the box.

such sideline prowlers as Indiana's Bobby Knight, Villanova's Rollie Massimino and North Carolina State's Jim Valvano.

The coaching box, tested in six conferences last season, is the latest in a long line of attempts by the NCAA Men's Basketball Rules Committee to tone down screaming coaches and address

A black and white photograph of a man in profile, playing a saxophone. He is wearing a plaid shirt. The saxophone is a tenor saxophone, and the bell is prominent in the lower right. The background is dark.

There's only one way to play it.



Wherever the music is hot,
the taste is KOOL. At any 'tar' level,
there's only one sensation
this refreshing.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

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Milds Kings, 11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine; Filter Kings, 17 mg. "tar",
1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar. '84.

A large-scale photograph of a miniature rail vehicle on tracks. Two stylized, blocky figures are on the vehicle. The figure on the left wears a white and black checkered shirt, dark pants, and a grey cap. The figure on the right wears a blue and white striped shirt, dark pants, a red collar, and a black hard hat. The vehicle has two large red wheels and a central compartment labeled 'DURACELL'. The background shows a grassy hill and a clear sky.

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JURY RINGS BELL FOR COACHES

A South Carolina jury put a new page into college coaches' playbooks this summer when it ruled that only the head coach—and not the athletic director—can hire and fire assistant coaches.

A federal jury awarded Richard Bell, former head football coach at the University of South Carolina and now an assistant at Duke, \$150,000 in pay the coach



Bell: Protected by law.

claimed he was cheated out of when he was fired after the first year of his four-year contract in 1982.

Bell knew South Carolina had

a reputation for firing coaches before he took the job. At the end of his first season, in which the Gamecocks posted a 4-7 record, athletic director Bob Marcum ordered Bell to fire four of his assistant coaches. When he refused, Marcum fired Bell.

The defense contended that Marcum had the authority to fire the assistants, since they were university employees, and Bell, because he refused to carry out an assigned duty. But the prosecution brought in a special team of college football figures, including Arkansas AD Frank Broyles, Georgia Tech coach Bill Curry and Baylor coach Grant Teaff.

"If we are to attract quality people to coaching," said Broyles, "we must protect them. The athletic director should provide the coach with all the tools necessary to foster a winning program—and then step aside."

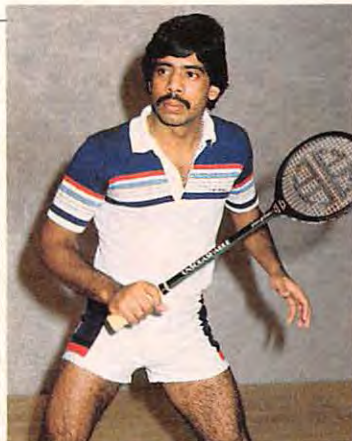
Bell's victory (he was also awarded \$21,000 in interest) is another costly lesson for South Carolina. The school has already paid almost \$1 million to coaches who have been fired or forced to resign under pressure over the last five years.

THE SULTAN OF SQUASH

The most aptly named athlete on earth may be 20-year-old Jahangir Khan of Pakistan. Jahangir means "conqueror of the world," and, as the first man in 27 years to hold titles in both the North American hardball and European softball varieties of squash, this conqueror has absolute hegemony over his racquet realm.

The name Khan has more or less meant squash. Jahangir and assorted cousins and uncles have dominated the sport since the late Fifties, with the Khan family winning 24 of 31 North American Opens among other innumerable laurels.

Jahangir first made his reputation in the softball game, which has bigger courts, higher bounces and longer points than the fast-paced North American game. A three-time world softball squash champ, Jahangir entered this year's North American Open to restore the reign of the Khans, which had slipped as cousin Sharif neared the age of 40. In the finals against Mark Talbot of the U.S., Jahangir won, three games to one, taking the last game 15-1. That made him the first man to rule the hard and soft



Jahangir: Khan artist.

sides of squash since Hashim Khan in 1957. "Every time he hits the ball," says *Squash News* publisher Tom Jones, "he's punishing you. He hits no weak sisters."

Jahangir is a national hero in Pakistan, where he's pictured on his own three-rupee postage stamp. In Saudi Arabia, he goes to lunch with the king. "He's on a bigger level than the Beatles," says his manager, Ron Morton.

The Conqueror is preparing for the Boston Open (November 9-12) and the World Open in his hometown of Karachi (November 21-December 6) by training at 15,000 feet in the Himalayas. Says Morton, "It does wonders for young lungs."

THE PEOPLE VS. JACK MURPHY

The hottest issue on the ballot in San Diego this November is not who will be the next presi-



A sign of insecurity.

dent, but what to call the sports stadium.

Will it be San Diego Stadium, as it was dedicated in 1967, or San Diego Jack Murphy Stadium, as it was renamed by then-mayor

Pete Wilson in 1980? Though there are only two signs identifying the name of the park—one on the highway, the other above a security entrance—many San Diegans, led by a retired foreign service officer named Norman Schute, feel the park has become "the laughingstock of the nation," because people outside the city "want to know who the hell Jack Murphy is."

A closer examination reveals that the influence of the press—in this case, Copley Press, owners of both the *San Diego Union* and *Tribune*—is in question. In 1978, the *Los Angeles Times* started a San Diego supplement, and Copley, fearing that might cut into its readership, sought a way to make its papers synonymous with the city. Copley's editor, Herb Klein (the former communications director for the Nixon White House), pushed Wilson, who in 1980 was considering a run for

state office, to rename the stadium in memory of Murphy, the sports editor and columnist of the *Union* who was instrumental in bringing big league sports to the city. Wilson announced the change on a *Monday Night Foot-*

city's name. For two years, TV stations KCST and KFMB, along with Schute, have been demanding that the issue be put to a popular vote. The city council agreed in July, by a vote of 8-1.

Ted Leitner, KFMB's sports

Now that you know who Jack Murphy is, here are the backgrounds of others for whom stadiums were named:

Brendan Byrne Arena: The New Jersey Sports and Exposition Authority, appointed by then-Governor Byrne, named the home of the Nets and Devils after him. **Kemper Arena:** K.C. Kings PR director Greg Van Dusen says it was named after banker R. Crosby Kemper Sr., who was "the richest guy in town." **Rich Stadium:** In 1973, Rich Products—the folks who brought you non-dairy creamer—bought the rights to name the home of the Buffalo Bills. **Shea Stadium:** Attorney William Shea helped the Payson family get an NL team—the Mets—in 1962.

ball telecast and the city council approved it in January 1981.

The name has become a problem because the national media has taken to calling the park "Jack Murphy" Stadium, omitting the

director, feels Copley is guilty of "newspaper arrogance. If they can pick up the phone and change the name of a stadium, they can do the same with much more important issues."

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THE MEDIA GUIDE

From a little house on the prairie,
Bill James' numbers have divided baseball.

"We people who create knowledge are not people who understand things. We are people who don't understand things and consequently must figure them out."

—Bill James

(from his 1984 *Baseball Abstract*)

On the evening of July 10, a vast, rumbling horde of baseball writers gathered in San Francisco to watch the All-Star Game—and to trade information, start rumors, pump sources, eat, drink and gossip with the army of scouts, executives and assorted baseball people who also were there. It was baseball's annual midseason convention, an invaluable resource for anyone who makes his or her living covering the sport.

On that same evening, though, the man who is arguably the most influential baseball writer in America was more than a thousand miles away, at home in the microscopic town of Winchester, Kansas. The All-Star break is a trial for Bill James, author of the annual *Baseball Abstract*. "Three days without box scores," he said, shaking his head. "Jeez, that's tough."

Although popular myth has it that James would rather run a stat on his computer than actually watch a ballgame, it can reliably be reported that he did watch the All-Star Game this year. He watched it on television with his wife, Susie, her brother Tom, three plastic statues of monkeys that he keeps for good luck, and me. He kept track of every pitch in a ratty old spiral notebook, and dashed off to his office every so often to check something like Dwight Gooden's strikeout-to-walk ratio in the low minors. He rooted unashamedly for the American League, but that didn't prevent him from admiring Darryl Strawberry's outfield arm or Gooden's poise.

"Gee, I'd love to see what George [Brett] would do with this guy," he said

in the fourth inning as Gooden mowed down the side.

Bill James says "gee" a lot. He also says grace before meals. He drinks diet cola by the gallon, obviously loves his wife (and she him) and would have you believe



ILLUSTRATION BY TIM PARKER

that he's just a plain old homegrown American eccentric, a baseball nut who let things get a little out of hand. In less than a decade, his passion has become a cottage industry; the *Abstract*, which sold about 70 copies in 1977, now sells an estimated 150,000, with the '85 version expected to approach the 200,000 range—a phenomenal number for a trade paperback. This year it was listed No. 4 on the *New York Times* best seller list.

"Success," he says, "hasn't changed me at all. I'm just doing what I've always done. I don't claim always to be right, or even accurate. I can't help it if people have started taking me so seriously."

Seriously, indeed. Over the past year, James has become downright controversial, especially among baseball beat writers who don't entirely trust his theories and resent his national prominence. It is ironic that James, essential-

ly the creation of the group (his first hint of celebrity came via a profile in *Sports Illustrated*, a rare accomplishment for a baseball writer), now dominates it. He has become the darling of the baseball literati with his monthly newsletter that

sells for \$25 a year and his frequent appearances on national TV to discuss the state of the game. His statistics and those of his followers now appear in expanded sports sections around the country and James himself is called in by players to submit evidence on their behalf during arbitration hearings. In short, he has become the spokesman, sought out and quoted as an expert more than anyone else in his profession.

The traditionalists have never been granted this type of exposure, and to have this man speaking for them has added to the rift. They see James as the leader of an arcane new breed of baseball "experts" who call themselves sabermetricians and seem to spend more time hanging around computer terminals than ballparks.

"I look forward to reading the *Baseball Abstract* every year," says Peter Gammons, the baseball writer for the *Boston Globe*. "James does a lot of interesting stuff. But now there are a whole bunch of guys out there with computers who don't know what they're doing. Last year, the big thing was to prove that Wade Boggs was a better ballplayer than Jim Rice—which is, of course, completely ridiculous. Statistics can be fun, but they also don't mean a hell of a lot. You can prove anything with them."

Bill James agrees. "I don't understand people who don't go to ballgames, but play with numbers all the time and insist that everything they say is true," he says, giving a fairly precise summary of the impression many sportswriters have of him. ("Aren't you in the wrong place to ask questions about Bill James?" a

by Joe Klein

New York writer said to me one night at Shea Stadium. "This is a ballpark.")

James says he goes to 35 or 40 games per year, and that his ratings of players, managers and teams should be taken as nothing more than one man's opinion. "I don't claim the ratings are right, just objective. In any case, they're the least important part of my work."

"That's not the way it comes across, though," says Tracy Ringolsby of the *Kansas City Star*. "I think we—the media—have created a monster. James has gotten carried away with himself. He sets himself up as a godlike figure who is qualified to rate second basemen from 1 to 26, but that's ridiculous. He's trying to make absolute judgments in a sport that has no absolutes. How can you compare Lou Whitaker to Bobby Grich? They're both second basemen, but it's like apples and oranges. They have completely different functions on their teams."

James is well aware of the criticism, and has responded to his detractors in a manner that can only be described as cornfield Zen: he agrees with them completely and then goes on his merry way, rating players, managers and teams as always. In this year's *Abstract*, for example, there are companion essays for and against the practice. The "anti" sounds a lot like Tracy Ringolsby. The "pro" is shorter and not too sweet. In essence, James says he rates players because it's fun, people expect him to do it—and it sells books.

"That's a pretty flimsy argument for someone who has described himself as a scientist," I suggested.

"Well, baseball is supposed to be fun. Too many people take it too seriously," James replied. "And I only said I was a scientist *some* of the time."

Some of the rest of the time, he can be rather smug (see the quote at the beginning of the story) and worse, vicious. For a guy who claims not to take his ratings very seriously, James plays pretty rough. His evaluation of former Tiger Enos Cabell in the 1983 *Abstract* is often cited by baseball people as manifestly unfair: ".261 represents 73 percent of his offensive value. The normal figure is 53 percent in the American League." Which is fair enough, but later in the same evaluation James goes into a tirade against

Sparky on James: "I don't think he knows very much. I don't think anyone in baseball takes him very seriously." Think again, Sparky.

a favorite target, Sparky Anderson, for describing Cabell as a "we" ballplayer. He says that Anderson is "full of brown stuff" and then builds to a stirring climax: "Sparky is so focused on all that attitude stuff that he looks at an Enos Cabell and he doesn't even see that *the man can't play baseball*. This *we* ballplayer, Sparky, can't play first, can't play third, can't hit, can't run and can't throw. So who cares what his attitude is?"

To which Cabell replies, "I think he knows as much about baseball as I do about writing."

And Sparky says, "It just shows how stupid he is. This guy has never played baseball. I don't think he knows very much about it. This year he raps the hell out of Tom Brookens, who is probably the best-liked player on our ballclub and the best baserunner, too, but a computer won't tell him things like that. I don't think anyone in baseball takes him very seriously."

Sparky may not like him, but it's clear that he reads him. And while there is a certain reluctance among some baseball people to admit that James has had an influence ("Bill James?" says Bob Lillis, manager of the Houston Astros. "Never heard of him."), more than a few of them use him to evaluate players for trades, signings and salary negotiations.

One of the few to acknowledge the "Cult of James" is New York Mets manager Dave Johnson: "I flipped through one of his articles over at [Mets coach] Bobby Valentine's house one night. He had some interesting ideas. I agreed with some of the things he said about our opponents. I don't agree with everything he says, but then I don't agree with everything anybody says."

"Exactly," James says. "My readers understand that my work is speculative."

Perhaps. But the backlash seems to be spreading—from players and managers to sportswriters, and now even to other statisticians. Everything James

has done seems fair game for his critics, even the statistic that many consider his greatest contribution to baseball research—"range factor."

"I have my doubts about that stat," Tracy Ringolsby says. "James' idea was that chances in the field—putouts plus assists—was a more accurate way to rate defense than fielding

averages. Maybe so. But what happens to the fielders on a team with a lot of strikeout pitchers? They get fewer chances, so their range factor will be lower—not too accurate a rating."

"I'm reluctant to say anything against Bill James," says Steve Hirdt of the Elias Sports Bureau. "He's done an awful lot to help people understand that you can learn all sorts of things from statistics. At the same time, though, some of his work is very sloppy."

Hirdt is especially unhappy with James' compilations of double plays and opposition steals-per-game for starting pitchers. "He works from box scores," Hirdt says, "but box scores don't tell you *when* steals or double plays take place. Boston's starting pitchers get credit for double-play balls that a reliever like Bob Stanley is throwing. The 'statistics' that come out are a distortion."

James, as is his wont, agrees that the numbers are not precise, but insists they're not insignificant either. "It is a fact that in games started by Tommy John over the past 10 years there has been better than average double-play support," he says, "and if the Elias Sports Bureau would include the precise information about double plays and steals in their box scores, I'd be delighted to use it."

Okay, okay. The carping and picking and sniping can get out of hand very quickly. Maybe Bill James is sloppy and self-righteous and vicious. But he is also one of the more creative baseball thinkers to come along and, above all, he's fun—when he remembers not to take himself too seriously. When he forgets, he writes things like, "Sabermetrics is to baseball as psychology is to human nature." To which Sigmund Freud might have replied, "It's unwise to generalize about human nature unless you know who's pitching and where the game is being played." ★

Joe Klein wrote about agent-owner Jerry Argovitz in the May issue of SPORT.



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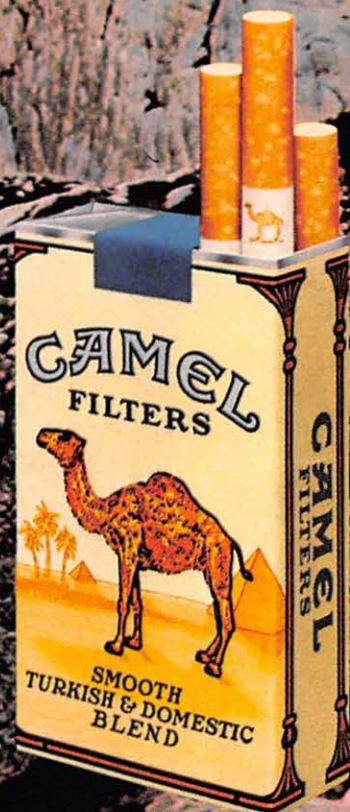
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SPORT INTERVIEW

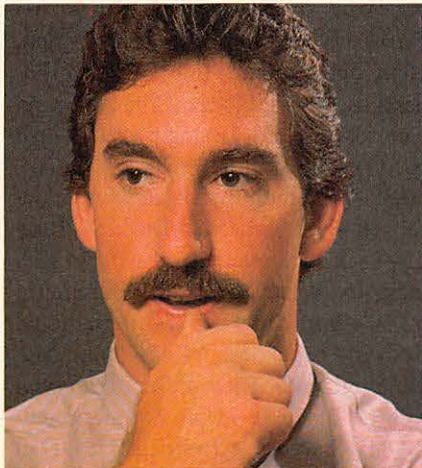
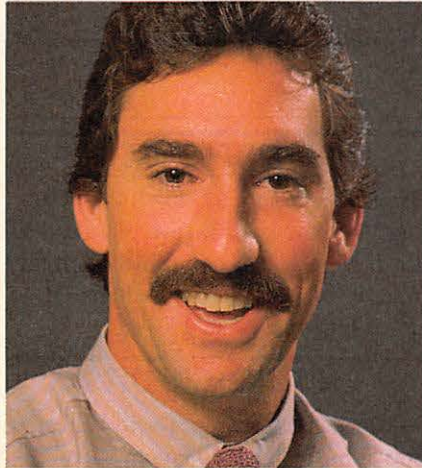
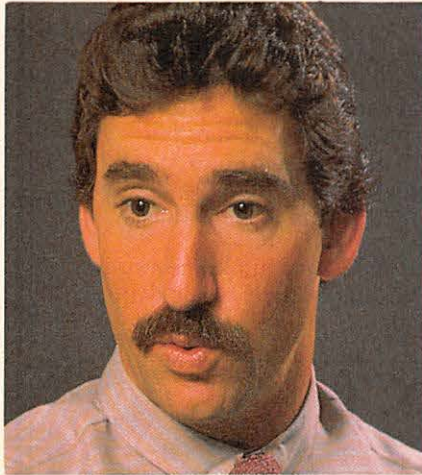
The San Diego Padres' resident philosopher discusses the far right stuff.

Eric Show

The San Diego Padres have always had a distinct, deserved reputation for being bizarre, and this year's model is no different. As the Padres speed toward their first-ever Western Division crown, they are again stocked with freethinkers and people given to self-expression. There are Goose Gossage and Graig Nettles, refugees from the Bronx zoo; Steve Garvey, or Senator Steve, the voice of calm, rational thought; Tony Gwynn, the best hitter in baseball, who still wishes he had remained a basketball player; and Garry Templeton, a former Muslim and a man who once exhibited his flair for sign language when he flipped off the fans of the St. Louis Cardinals.

But none is more interesting, more unusual, more compelling than right-hander Eric Show. Before this season, Show was known as a fairly successful starting pitcher with a decent fastball, better-than-average control and an odd name: Show, as in Mao. But the 28-year-old from Riverside, California, has been thrust under the klieg lights this season since the revelation that he and two teammates—Dave Dravecky and Mark Thurmond—are members of the extreme right-wing John Birch Society, a group that has found leftist-communist leanings in almost every American president, Republican or Democrat, and condemns, among other things, the United Nations, the Ford and Rockefeller Foundations, graduated income tax, social security and, naturally, the communist conspiracy.

But Show is not to be dismissed as the righthanded heir to Bill Lee's cosmic



throne. The Society may have the reputation for crazed and unreasoned Red-baiting, but Show is neither crazy nor unreasonable. His opinions are strong, if not popular, and are based on long and hard research.

He is well versed in everything from theology to philosophy to jazz. An accomplished guitarist, Show has been written up in the local alternative newspaper solely on his musicianship, and he counts Django Reinhardt, Charlie Parker and John Coltrane as his great musical influences.

The stir began in midseason, when for two weeks, the first-place Padres players took back seat to the first-place Padres Birchers. Since then, things have quieted considerably, and Show himself has lowered his public profile. But the First Amendment still ranks as one of his most prized Constitutional guarantees.

SPORT: You have been a member of the John Birch Society since 1981, yet it only became public this year. Why did it become such a hot issue?

SHOW: Because it's so unusual, I think.

SPORT: What's unusual? The Society itself, or that a public figure would openly admit to being a member?

SHOW: Both, in a way, because of the misunderstanding in terms of the organization's principles. Those are all available to people in public records, and anybody who's even halfway open can investigate them for themselves and find that we're not weird or strange in any way. We stand for traditional American values—God, family and country—and if somebody finds that corny, then that's their opinion

by Bob Kravitz



Personal:

**Bushmills drinker,
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and they're entitled to their opinions.
SPORT: What about charges that the Society is a racist, anti-Semitic organization?

SHOW: [laughs] Well, that would be like me asking a lawyer if he still beats his wife. It [racism] has nothing to do with it whatsoever. That was all something created by the media for the interest of special interest groups in America that they don't like in society.

SPORT: It's been reported, though, that two black players, Garry Templeton and Alan Wiggins, approached you and asked you about the Society and its reputation.

SHOW: The press went way out in left field to stir things up, and when they couldn't, they just had to wing it. They tried to get guys to say things, and they didn't. When they tried to put words into the players' mouths, they spit it right back at them, because it simply isn't true. The players themselves said that. But some people printed it, anyway.

SPORT: This all came to light when it was written that you and two other Padres players, though not in uniform, were signing autographs for the Birchers at the Del Mar Fair. Have you been actively soliciting members, in or out of the clubhouse?

SHOW: Never.

SPORT: But two other players—Dave Dravecky and Mark Thurmond—have joined, the two guys who have lockers right next to you. And other players on the team have expressed interest.

SHOW: Right, and they joined of their own free choice. What we do in our free time is our own business. That's something that's protected by the Constitution. That is, unless they amended it since I last checked.

SPORT: Do politics have a place in the clubhouse?

SHOW: No, it's not the place. Baseball is not the place to impose your ideologies upon people.

SPORT: Yet you've brought Birchist literature into the clubhouse. You had a book, *None Dare Not Call It Treason*, in your locker.

SHOW: Sure. That material has as much of a place in a clubhouse as a sports magazine or an outdoors magazine, as long as it doesn't conflict with the team. And I don't see how anyone has the right to censor reading materials in the clubhouse.

SPORT: Some people might wonder why you concern yourself publicly with politics and other subjects. Why not leave baseball to the baseball players, and academia to the academics?



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SPORT QUIZ

Answers from page 93. 1.—c. 2.—c. 3.—Tug McGraw. 4.—c. 5.—a-4, b-1, c-2, d-3. 6.—d. 7.—a-3, b-4, c-2, d-1. 8.—Tommy John. 9.—d. 10.—Boston Red Sox. 11.—Gene Tenace. 12.—d. 13.—c.

PICTURE CREDITS

5—Clockwise from top: David Walberg, Bob Straus, Chuck Solomon, Rich Pilling/Focus on Sports, Bob Sacha. 9—David L. Johnson (left), Rich Pilling. 10—Chuck Solomon (top), Wendell Vandermuis. 13—Bill Jordan/The News and Courier (top left), Jahangir Khan World Enterprises (right), Rocky Thies. 30,31—Bill Smith, Al Messerschmidt (inset). 38—Bob Sacha. 42—David Walberg. 43—John McDonough. 44—David Walberg. 46—Wide World (left), Bill Smith. 52,54—Bob Straus. 57—International Sports Properties. 64,67—John McDonough. 72—Rich Pilling/Focus on Sports. 75,76,78—Dan Zimmermann. 82,84—Steven L. Twardzik. 88—Dan Zimmermann. 93—From left: Chuck Solomon/Focus on Sports, John McDonough, Rich Pilling, John McDonough.

SHOW: Well, baseball is very important to me. It's my livelihood. But it doesn't answer fundamental questions of purpose. Reasons for how we got here and where we're going. These are additional interests of mine, just like somebody's religion would be, or somebody playing guitar would be, or playing backgammon, or anything they choose to do. Politics is just one of the things that interests me.

SPORT: Do you ever find intellectual pursuits irreconcilable with baseball?

SHOW: No, because baseball is something I love; it's my job and I give my best to it at all times. Any side interests I have are not conflicts, whether it's reading, writing or music.

SPORT: Your teammates call you "Mr. Wizard." How do they regard you?

SHOW: I think they're largely amused. I rarely discuss serious subjects with anybody, not just my teammates. There are very few people I will discuss these things with. But I don't try to bedazzle them with my chicanery [laughs].

SPORT: Does it ever go beyond amusement? Might they feel like you're showing them up?

SHOW: No, for the simple reason that we generally speak about nothing other

than baseball.

SPORT: Speaking of baseball, before the season, people wondered if this starting rotation could keep the Padres in contention, and even during the All-Star break, Al Campanis of the Dodgers and John Mullen of the Braves said that this staff was "suspect" and would bring the Padres down. Are you surprised at the way this staff has performed?

SHOW: First of all, the question implies a preconceived notion of our pitching. Granted, no one wants to be made a fool of when they speculate over who will take the [NL] West, so naturally you have to be cautious. And since we only had one 15-game winner last year, the staff was a little in question in those terms. But if you look below that, at how we were throwing in spring training, and looked at this staff potential-wise, you could be relatively certain that we were going to be good—that we were going to do the job. So to me, it's no surprise. Nothing we're doing is a surprise, Carmelo Martinez is not a surprise, Kevin McReynolds is not a surprise...

SPORT: Your pitching coach, Norm Sherry, has said numerous times that he expected this staff to mature because most

of you are in your third year. That's the magic year for a good thrower, he says.


SHOW: Norm looks like a prophet, but he was the one who was backing us from the word go. I would agree with that statement. Of course, it only applies if you have people who can pitch. You can throw an average pitcher out there, and three years, four years, it won't make any difference. He'll still be average. But that's not the case here.

SPORT: The Padres spent a lot of money to add Steve Garvey to the roster last year, and Goose Gossage and Graig Nettles this year—all strong personalities. How have they affected the character of the team?

SHOW: I think it's helped the chemistry here. We have a good blend of veterans and young players, really good guys, and we get along together very well. Having veterans around helps psychologically because they've all been there before. They provide a frame of reference.

SPORT: Baseball fans seem to acknowledge you now more for your politics than your fastball. This whole episode has branded you as Show the Bircher. Are you glad all of that came out?

SHOW: [long pause] I think, unfor-



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tunately, most sportswriters are opportunists, and because of that, they often take stories and exaggerate them to sell papers, so it will generate interest whether it's right or wrong. That's not true of all writers, but I think it's true of the majority. So because of that, a lot of things were said and written that contained only shreds of truth. And as you know, add a pint of poison to a gallon of water, you're still going to die. So as far as my being glad, I'm not really glad about the way it was presented. Had it been presented fairly, just like any other facet of my life, I'd have felt differently.

SPORT: How would you gauge the reaction from teammates to the Birch issue?

SHOW: Well, the first reaction, of course, was an immediate attempt by the media to cause disharmony among the players, when, in fact, it pulled us closer together. The players saw the unethical attempt to disrupt our team by trying to create controversy, and because of that, we came closer together. There is a very good team chemistry here.

SPORT: Based on the letters the *Los Angeles Times* printed after running the story about your political affiliation, it would appear the response from fans was

swift and quite negative. You have hundreds of letters that you plan to answer personally in the next few weeks. How do you assess the fans' reaction?

SHOW: Actually, the response has been quite positive, which surprised me. I think a lot of people not only found out what we are about, but have decided, in fact, to investigate some of this material for themselves. Really, the fans have been great.

SPORT: How about management? I'm sure they heard objections from fans.

SHOW: Management has been very objective about it. But, naturally, they want to protect their own interests, and they wanted to be sure we were giving 100 percent to the club while we're here. And, indeed, that is what we're doing while we're here.

SPORT: Were you or any players called on the carpet after the Birch issue came to light?

SHOW: I'd rather not answer that.

SPORT: Since it came to light, you've said less and less about the subject despite the fact you've been asked about it constantly. You've never been one to be tight-lipped on any subject. Has management asked you to cool it?

SHOW: [laughs] I can't make a statement on that at this time.

SPORT: You're evading here, but the truth is, the Society has gotten a lot of mileage out of you. Their spokesman, in fact, was quoted as saying that the Birchers have benefited greatly from your public statements. Do you feel like you've become an unofficial sports spokesman for them?

SHOW: Perhaps. But that is more of a coincidence. I'm not doing this for the Society. It's just a personal belief that I have, and I firmly believe that I'm not doing anything wrong at all.

SPORT: Although your politics are far right now, you haven't always thought that way. How has your political thinking evolved?

SHOW: I remember when I was about 12, I broke from the Catholic church. I wasn't finding any answers there. I wanted to know how we got here, why we were here, and the church wasn't answering any of those questions for me. After that, I looked at the physical evidence that had been offered: steady state theory, big bang theory, evolutionary hypotheses, everything. I studied very intently. At about age 15, I got interested in Eastern culture,

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philosophy and religion and did quite a lot of reading on the subject. There was a lot to draw upon, but I was still left with fundamental questions.

Once I got into college I got interested in Mormonism. I became a Mormon for a while. I really admired their lifestyle; their cleanness of spirit and of purpose. But again it didn't change my life in any way. I found holes in their ideology. For a short while after that I was interested in the occult, but that got pretty strange. You'd go to these parties and there would be a lot of alcohol and drugs around—like most parties these days—and it got rather intense. People playing with Ouija boards. I read the Satanic bible, too, but came to realize these people were indeed ruled by Satan.

In my junior year, a guy from Campus Crusade talked to me. I was kind of a lost soul at that time. I mean, I played in a band and had plenty of girl friends, but I was a seeker. I had no purpose. I'd show up late to baseball all the time. I'd get into fights with teammates. I didn't know where I was going. About that time I began to realize I had come full circle, that I could no longer deny God. I'm not a born-again or anything like that. I simply have a relationship with God.

SPORT: At one point, you were even a socialist, weren't you?

SHOW: I think just about everybody was at the time, at least in college. See, most professors are liberal. When they talk about history, they make it seem like, "Well, somebody got mad at somebody else, and they went to war." Or, "So and so was upset by this or that treaty and went to war." It's not that simple. There is a reason that history has unfolded on the side of international communism the last few decades. Actually, I deduced conspiracy all along. The Birchers just confirmed a lot of things I believed to be true all the time. Look at the United Nations. As a concept it's noble: a forum for international dialogue. But if you look at the record it's quite apparent the UN is a nesting ground for communist spies. I could supply names and places but it would become redundant. One world government is the long-term goal. Communism is just the first step. It's clear in black and white. People criticize me for saying these things, but they can't refute me logically.

SPORT: You've been dismissed as something of a flake. Does that bother you?

SHOW: No, not really, because they don't understand themselves or me. So as a defense mechanism, they make ex-

cuses for themselves and call me a name.

SPORT: Does it disturb you that an intellectual baseball player is considered such a novelty?

SHOW: No, because I think that it's basically true. I'm not afraid of the truth. Just as an insurance company insures people based on their past record, I don't think it's unfair, generally, to stereotype sports people as uninformed. By the same token, if we're going to be totally honest about this, we have to realize that humanity in general can be grouped in the same category as ballplayers. I'm not judging, I'm just making an assessment of the intellectual condition of our society at this time. There are many brilliant people out there. In fact, the accomplishments of man bring tears to my eyes.

SPORT: You're serious. How about the lack of accomplishment?

SHOW: The lack of accomplishment doesn't amaze me at all.

SPORT: That doesn't speak well for the condition of mankind, does it?

SHOW: Well, look around. We have guys graduating from college from time to time who can't read or write properly, who score very low on tests. All of our academic standards have decreased. We have two choices—either assess the problem as objectively as we can, or say, "OK, everything's all right," and do nothing about it.

SPORT: Given your stature now as a clubhouse politician, would you ever consider running for political office?

SHOW: [laughs] No. I don't think I'd ever get elected on the principles I stand for.

SPORT: Of course, you've said you believe the entire electoral process to be illusory?

SHOW: Yes, I do believe that. But I will vote because it will be the lesser of two evils. We have an election coming up where the candidates themselves are jokes. We must turn back to the principles upon which this country was founded, which means turning back to a limited republic.

SPORT: What do you expect you'll do after baseball?

SHOW: It may seem odd, but I feel I might be called to being a preacher. I have to see what God has for me. I'd also like to pursue my music. Who knows? I also may go back to school.

SPORT: So I guess this means you won't be a first-base coach somewhere.

SHOW: [laughs] I'd say the odds are pretty slim. ★

Bob Kravitz is a sportswriter for the San Diego Union.



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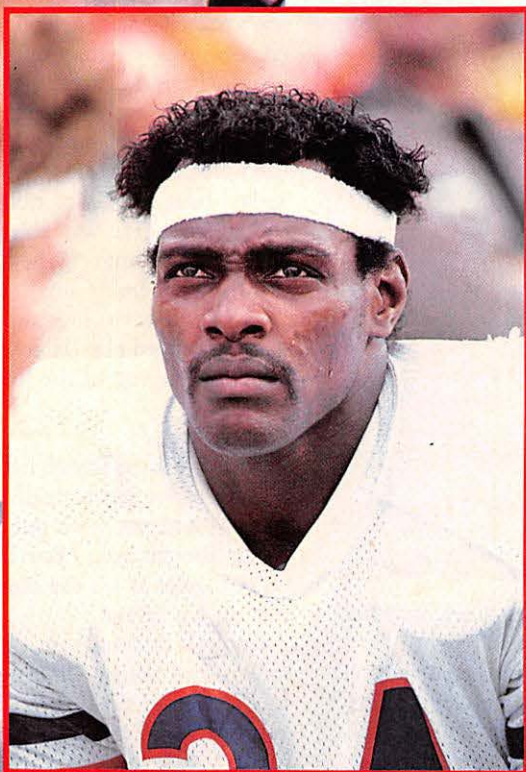
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THE SECOND COMING

On the first day,
God created Jim Brown.
On the second, He
created Walter Payton.

by Kevin Lamb

It is the first game of the season in 1979, and Walter Payton rushes 36 times from scrimmage against the Green Bay Packers. Stiff-legged, running on his toes, palming the ball in his huge hands as he swings his arms wide, Payton is eager, greedy, willful. He runs for 125 yards and catches passes for another 49. Not a particularly big day. He scores no touchdowns. Yet the following week his next opponent—the staid, old defense of the Minnesota Vikings—applauds him in the film room.

The problem with Walter Payton's NFL rushing record, which he will own before long, is that it isn't as good as the game films. That is one of the ironies about him. The record diverts attention from what makes Payton great. To focus on the record is to blur the best athlete in football, if not in all of sports—to overlook the field for the yard lines. In pro football's era of specialization, Payton is the last remaining Renaissance man.

During his breaks from running the ball, Payton led the Chicago Bears in catches last season for the fourth time in six years. He threw three touchdown passes, one to a secondary receiver. His coach, Mike Ditka, calls him "by far the best blocking back I've ever seen." His former coach, ex-linebacker Jack Pardee, used to so admire Payton's tackling, that you got the idea he looked forward to interceptions.

Payton has sent kickoffs through the uprights in practice without changing out of his running shoes. And to pass the time, he has been known to walk 50 yards or so on his hands.

"He could play any position," says Brian Baschnagel, Payton's training camp roommate and a wide receiver on the Bears for 9 of Payton's 10 seasons. Then he pauses to think this through. Baschnagel is not one of those athletes

Payton's Place

This will be a big year for Walter Payton just about every other game. For a player with relatively few career records in the book—most yards in a game, 275, and four consecutive years leading the league in rushing attempts—1984 is Christmas.

- In most NFL offenses, running backs have to be receiving backs too. If that trend continues, the target for future running backs may well be the **all-time combined yardage record**. By the time you read this, that mark should already belong to Payton, who started the season needing only 208 combined yards to pass Jim Brown's record of 15,459 yards.

- By the fifth game of the season Payton should have passed George Blanda as the **leading scorer in Bears history**. He needs 20 points to pass Blanda's total of 541 points.

- By game seven, **most games rushing for at least 100 yards** should have Payton's name on it. He had had 54 such games entering the season, only four behind Jim Brown's existing record.

- The **all-time rushing record** (12,312

yards) will belong to Payton by the eighth game of the season. If Franco Harris plays and breaks that record first, Payton should catch and pass Harris' floating mark by the 13th game, if Harris performs at last year's pace. Every game after that—probably for the next three to five years—will move that record further out of harm's way.

- By game 10, Payton should have become the **all-time leading receiver in the history of the Bears**. He passed Mike Ditka last year and needs only 29 more receptions to pass Johnny Morris' career mark.

Ahead:

- Payton trails Franco Harris' records for career rushing attempts by 215 and total attempts by 182. When Harris stops, Payton will need about a season.

- By the end of his current contract in three years, Payton has a chance to break Brown's records of 126 touchdowns (needs 40 to go ahead) and 106 rushing touchdowns (needs 29).

- Next media storm: 1988, 15,000 yards rushing.

whose mind wanders off and leaves his mouth running. "He might be limited at offensive tackle. He's only 5-10½."

"I think what amazes me the most is, here's a running back who can throw the ball 100 yards. I think the most incredible thing I've seen was the time he threw me a 50-yard touchdown pass. He was literally going down, and he not only had the strength to whip the ball that far sidearm, but also the presence of mind to realize he could do it."

"We get hundreds of calls from therapists, hypnotists, doctors, who want to cut him open and find out what's inside," says Bears trainer Fred Caito, who invites one and all to look but don't touch.

The Body Payton

Look first at Payton's legs. Aside from their size and apparent power, his knees barely bend when he runs. "There's not more than 30 percent flexion in the knee," says Brian McCaskey, Caito's assistant. Most running backs bend their knees at least twice as much, many flex a full 90 degrees. "Payton's leg-swing comes from his hips instead," says McCaskey. Not only does that extra leverage give him more power, it lifts much of the burden of running to the upper leg and off the knee. The less a running back bends his knees—his most vulnerable joints—the less wear and tear they will suffer. That is one reason why Payton has

played 126 consecutive games, unheard of for a running back.

His relatively straight-legged motion makes it easier for Payton to run on his toes, which isn't easy at all. Try just *walking* that way, stiff-legged on your toes. The backs of your upper legs will begin to tighten before you get back from the refrigerator. Payton has run that way for nearly seven miles of rushing yards. He can do it because he is inordinately strong in his thighs, hamstrings and buttocks. "His power," says Caito, "comes from his butt."

His butt, in part, comes from a couple of hills, one near Chicago and the other near Payton's birthplace in Mississippi. The northern one is about 70 yards high, pitched steeper than 45 degrees. As part of his year-round training program, Payton sprints up the full length of the hill, on his *toes*. Every year he customizes an old pair of shoes, using adhesive tape to build up the heel so that the back of his foot never touches the ground. No teammate has lasted on Walter's hill more than a couple of days. Payton does it every day except during the season. Fifteen repetitions at a time. In heels.

But the butt also comes from the twist of his double helix. "It all starts with genetics," says Clyde Emrich, a former Olympic weight lifter and now the Bears' strength coach. "Any great athlete has to have the right body leverage for his sport.

He has to have a better nervous system than most. And if his sport requires speed, strength and reaction time more than endurance, he has to have an abundance of fast-twitch cells in his muscles. He has to have excellent hand-eye coordination."

Check, check and double check. Payton's pulse beats below 55 and his body fat measures less than five percent. His coordination is extraordinary. There was a time when, as the placekickers worked on field goals, Payton would stand under the uprights and throw a football at the kicked balls as they tumbled high over the crossbar. He was able to intercept them half the time. "When Walter went down the assembly line," says Emrich, "everything was a chrome-plated part. It must have been like, 'Here comes Walter. Give me the top of the line.'"

Obsession

Then there is the Payton head. "It would be so easy for someone of his ability to sit back and not work out much," says Brian Baschnagel. "But he goes after every play as if it's the most important play in his career."

Payton is driven. Pride—a deep respect for his own ability—is certainly part of it. And part of it is that he's an obsessive achiever with a searing competitive instinct, despite his nickname, "Sweetness." As a rookie he insisted on a \$126,000 signing bonus, because that's what it took to pass Archie Manning's, previously the biggest bonus ever for an NFL player from Mississippi. He went last in the team's strength and running tests that year so he would know which scores he had to beat. It was important this spring for him to sign the richest contract in NFL history. "Like they say," Payton explains, "he who dies with the most toys wins."

And, though his personal competitiveness seems to have mellowed in recent years, it has flared again this season with a large toy—Jim Brown's all-time rushing record—at stake. "I want to get it before Franco gets it," said Payton of Franco Harris before training camp, "so I'll be starting the season with the afterburners on." Payton later backed off from such a raw expression of ambition, but he backed off by saying he probably would have broken the record already if not for the player strike in 1982.

Now Payton seems to focus on achievements larger than personal comparisons. "I think Walter sees himself as competing beyond that," says teammate Mike Single-

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tary. "Once you see yourself as competing against more than just the next guy—once you say, 'I don't want to do better than the next guy, I want to do better than the next guy ever thought about doing'—now you're not looking back to the next guy but ahead to what you want to do. You're setting your own goals."

"The thing I want is not to be known as the best, but to be known as giving the best of himself," Payton says. "That means more than being number one in every category. If I'm not satisfied within myself, whatever I've accomplished doesn't matter." So he works six or seven hours a day in the off-season. He runs his hill until he melts to a puddle of fast-

twitch muscle cells, until, he says, "you're pushing your limits as far as you can."

But being number one in every category has its value, too. Payton wants to be the best at *everything*. He relishes his blocking. "In the film room he'll say, 'Hey man, watch me get this guy,'" says Vince Evans, a former Bears quarterback. "Everybody knows he can run. I think he wants you to know he's a complete player."

Last year Matt Suhey became Payton's first teammate ever to run for 100 yards on a day Payton did not. Payton loved it. "It just shows I'm a better blocker than him," he said, grinning.

Tunnel Vision

Payton thrives on seemingly contrary forces. He has singular individual ambition that includes the ambition to be the best team player in the game. Of his blocking he says, "You want to show your appreciation, as well as show that you're capable of doing it, not only to yourself but to your teammates. You never know what a person is thinking. They might figure, all he wants is to run with the ball. But once they know that's not the case, it makes them feel a lot better and it makes their job a lot easier."

He shows little patience for running backs with a narrower description of their own job. "I'm not going to name names,"

■ N F C ■ Jim Brown Rates the Backs ■ N F C ■

When we approached Jim Brown in Los Angeles about evaluating the running backs who are chasing the standards he set many years ago, he seemed to welcome the chance. He expressed great admiration for both Walter Payton and Franco Harris, especially Payton, who he said had often been forgotten while wallowing on poor teams. As for Harris, Brown said his contributions to the Steelers had been "invaluable" and that he'd gotten the most out of his ability. "That can't be said of a lot of backs," Brown said.

"There are only four backs," he continued, "with exceptional skills: Tony Dorsett, Eric Dickerson, Earl Campbell and John Riggins. Two others—Curt Warner and George Rogers—have the ability to be in

that group someday, if they work at it. And Chuck Muncie has possibilities to be as good, or better, than any of them."

In the ratings below and on page 37, Brown graded (on a scale of 1 to 5) the top rushers in each conference in terms of their ability and how much they get out of it. Thus, he refused to judge Dorsett, a player he considers to be blessed with infinite ability, against the same standard by which he judges Mike Pruitt, a player who he thinks has fewer natural skills. "Some of these guys are doing all they can do," Brown said, "and they should be rated highly for it."

The running backs are listed in the order they ranked by rushing yardage last season.

	RUSHING RECEIVING BLOCKING SPEED HEART					
Eric Dickerson L.A. Rams	5	3.5	Inc.	5	1	Heart is the only real question mark; we'll have to wait and see. I don't have a fair reading on him as a receiver, since there's been no real demand on him in that area. Otherwise, one of the most gifted backs in football.
William Andrews Atlanta Falcons	3.5	4	5	3	5	He is totally dedicated in all areas. The only thing he lacks is that true superstar quality. If he had more speed and more mobility he'd have everything. But he's limited in his ability to break the 80-yarder.
Walter Payton Chicago Bears	5	3.5	4	4	5	He's got everything except that final gear. He's not slow, he's got quick speed, but he's not always a threat to go all the way. More important, he does everything he can to be as good as he can be.
John Riggins Washington Redskins	5	3.5	5	4	5	One of best control rushers. Washington's offense is perfect for him. So much so, that if he was on almost any other team, he wouldn't be as effective. His speed is deceptive, but he doesn't use it like some use it.
Tony Dorsett Dallas Cowboys	4	4	3	5	3	It's unfortunate that he has to play in the Dallas system. Tom Landry isn't the kind of coach who can get the most out of him. A running back needs to be cared about. If he plays for the wrong coach, he might never achieve greatness.
Ottis Anderson St. Louis Cardinals	3.5	3	4	3.5	?	He's had one great season and one poor one. You can't go up and down like that. He had a stronger impact earlier. Now he'll either become a very average back or he'll break to become a great one.
George Rogers N.O. Saints	4.5	3	4	4	4.5	He's benefited from being under Bum Phillips. He's sort of like Riggins, but not as demanding of himself. He's limited overall. He's fast, but he doesn't have the speed of Dickerson. And he doesn't have the heart of Payton.
Billy Sims Detroit Lions	4	3.5	3.5	4	3.5	He needs to be in better condition. Right now, he isn't being pushed, and he needs that. A wonderful talent. He isn't as fast as people think. It's quickness that allows him to elude people, and great balance.
Wendell Tyler S.F. 49ers	3.5	3.5	3	4	3.5	He'd be a good back if he was used properly. And if he was coached properly, he could be a valuable asset. He needs someone who'll teach him when he can do certain things and when he can't.

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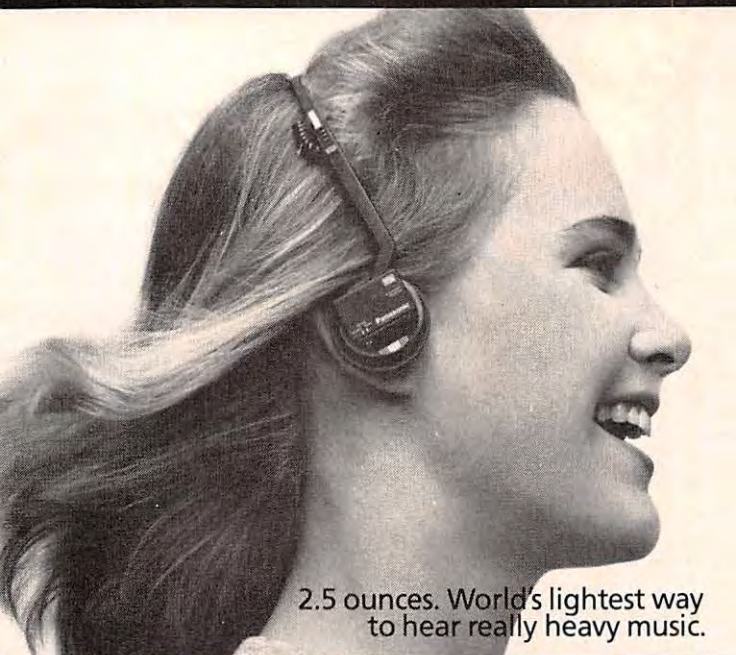
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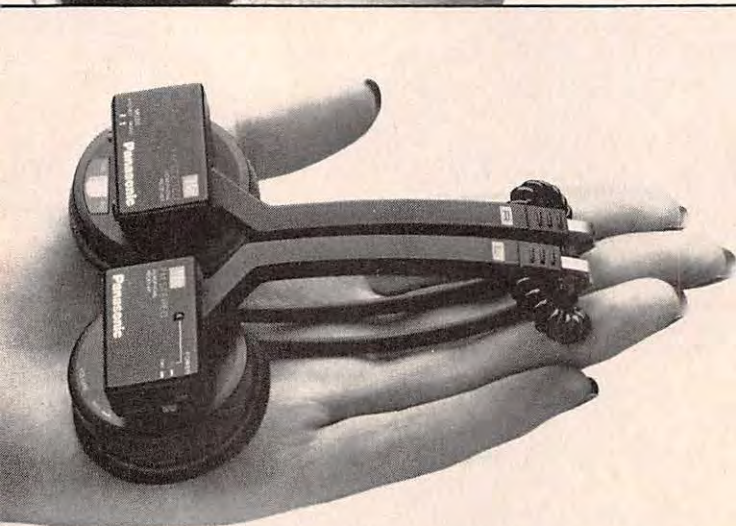
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he says, "but there are running backs I wouldn't want to run with in the same backfield, because all they care about is running the ball." The only player he exempts by name is William Andrews of Atlanta, who shares with Payton the distinction of having two 2,000-yard seasons in combined rushing and receiving yards.

"Walter still plays like he's trying to be the best tailback in the tenth grade," says Bears defensive tackle Dan Hampton. "He still has the same enthusiasm."

He also has something of a tenth grader's tunnel vision. Though Payton is well-liked by teammates, reporters have often found him difficult. They don't help him win. He's not antagonistic, just unin-

terested. He'll start to open his mail during an interview or simply begin to walk toward his car, letting the reporter trail after him. It may account in large part for the relatively little publicity he has received during his career. Although he obviously loves being the center of attention on the field—and has at times been critical of coach Mike Ditka for not using him enough—he does not seek attention off the field. "I don't like to just sit and talk about myself," he says. "That's a pain." He has turned down commercials. And he once turned down a movie role because it would have interfered with a minicamp, although the team would have been happy to excuse him.

The Excitable Boy

Now 30, Payton is not as hyperactive as he once was, when he listened to louder music, drove cars faster and couldn't go to the grocery store without stopping at the driving range. Now, he says, he can sit down and watch an entire baseball game. Still, energy leaks from every pore.

He relishes groveling in the baser mundanities of clubhouse cut-upery—snapping towels, pinching bottoms, pulling down socks. He's a star who loves being part of the hoi polloi. He eagerly slaps teammates on the back at practice and is an aggressive cheerleader at Soldier Field.

He admits to having fantasized about being a basketball player. Even more, he

■ A F C ■ Jim Brown Rates the Backs ■ A F C ■

	RUSHING RECEIVING BLOCKING SPEED HEART					
Curt Warner Seattle Seahawks	4	4	3.5	4	4	If he can hold his intensity and perform as well as he did last year, that's all you can ask. There's not too much unrealized potential there. But now comes the hard part. This year will really tell for him.
Earl Campbell Houston Oilers	5	2	3.5	4	5	He is the greatest physical force in football today. Unfortunately for him, the Houston franchise got into a lot of trouble. He has great speed for a man his size. He's awesome. He's the only man who can frighten people physically.
Mike Pruitt Cleveland Browns	5	4	3.5	4	4	He does everything he can do for his team. In rushing, I gave him a 5, but it's not a Dickerson 5. He's just not going to do what the elite backs will. He plays up to his talent, and that's all you can ask of a man.
Curtis Dickey Indianapolis Colts	3.5	3.5	3.5	5	3.5	A classic example of how a situation can affect a player. His situation—playing for the Colts under Frank Kush—makes everything unrealized. If it were to change, all of these numbers could go up.
Tony Collins N.E. Patriots	4	4	3.5	5	4	A new kid on the block. I'm impressed with him. He seems to have potential. He's very quick. His true ability will show when he's put into a situation where he can get loose.
Marcus Allen L.A. Raiders	4	5	4	4	5	A great all-around player. He shouldn't be worried about winning the rushing titles, things like that. Those of us who understand his value will give him his due. He should have a tremendous career.
Franco Harris Pittsburgh Steelers	4 3.5	4 4	4 3.5	4.5 3	3	I used two sets of numbers here. In his early days, Franco was a much better player. The second numbers are for Harris now. As an individual force, I couldn't put him in the top four. Yet as a contributor in a particular situation, few have been greater.
Chuck Muncie San Diego Chargers	4	4	3.5	5	3.5	He's the most awesome player in the conference, physically, other than Earl. His head is the only thing holding him back. If he had total dedication, he could achieve any goal.
Freeman McNeil N.Y. Jets	4	Inc.	4	4.5	4.5	A good runner, and most important, he's got a positive attitude. When he's on, he adds something to the team that no one else can. He's got speed, he's tough to tackle and he's got determination. You don't find that type of back too often.

Finally, Jim Brown offered to rate himself: Rushing—5, Receiving—4, Blocking—3, Speed—5, Heart—5. (John Riggins was the only other player to whom Brown awarded three 5s.)

"I could run with the ball, there's no question about it," Brown said. "And even though I didn't get many chances, I led the team in receiving one year. Downfield, I didn't drop very many balls. Blocking was my one real area of neglect. That's usually the case, though, that if a guy's a great rusher, he's not a good blocker, and vice versa. If he's a real good blocker, it's probably because he's not a great rusher."

"I gave myself a 5 in speed, even though it's different from, say, Tony Dorsett speed. Dorsett is a true speed merchant. My speed was

more of a determination type of speed. As a big guy I didn't want to be known just for my power.

"My receiving score is something I'd like people to investigate. I wasn't a receiver like Marcus Allen or Chuck Foreman. I never had the kind of pass-catching responsibilities they have. It was not as much a part of my game as it is of theirs. But when I wanted to catch the ball, I could. I wasn't an Earl Campbell. He doesn't even want to catch the ball."

"Heart was my biggest asset. I accepted injuries, the dirty play and whatever else that people often use as excuses for poor play. I don't think that was ever questioned."

—Roy S. Johnson

thinks about racing dirt bikes. "They come out of those high embankments doing 180-plus," he says, animated. "Can you believe it? If you go that fast, you can't make any mistakes. You just raise your head up and the wind'll blow you off the bike. Imagine how fast that's going. Boy, do they ever have to think ahead. It's super."

And he still maintains his nearly fanatical conditioning regimen. It drove him half-crazy to slow down his off-season and training-camp pace after what he called his "11,000-yard checkup" last April, when he had arthroscopic surgery on both knees to clean out pieces of bone and cartilage that have built up after nine years of pro ball. His knees are still considered healthy, however.

"I've got a lot of stuff bottled up in me that normally I would have gotten out of me in training," he said in camp. "It's really hard to stand up there and look at people doing stuff, and I've still got that note from the doctor saying, *Not yet.*"

Carrying the Ball

In a game, Payton's running style is as energetic as his lifestyle. He bounces and jabs and swings his arms. Waiting for his blockers he'll jump into the air, scissor-kick his legs and come down in about the same spot before moving forward behind them. His frenetic style has bothered people aesthetically and probably also contributed to his lack of media attention. In action, he is not easy to categorize; he is not elusive like Sayers, powerful like Campbell, explosive like Brown, fast like Simpson.

"He runs with a fever," says Bears defensive end Al Harris. "I think most defensive players, when they're drafted by the Bears, breathe a sigh of relief that they won't have to tackle Walter Payton. Every year he does something that makes me shake my head in disbelief."

Payton's most distinctive trademark, however, may be his style after he is tackled. Jim Brown would climb to his feet slower than a sunrise. Franco Harris will discreetly run out of bounds before the hit. Payton goes down and then pops up. He bounces up so quickly at the end of a play that twice he's been charged with fumbling balls he was merely setting down. It is as if he were telling the defense, "I'm ready for more. Are you?"

"More than anything else," says Dan Hampton, "what makes Walter great is that he plays the game with a defensive player's temperament."

Still, it is another of the ironies about

Walter Payton that he possesses the NFL record for most yardage in a single game (275, against Minnesota in 1977) and is about to claim the career rushing record as well, because it is not his running ability that makes him the game's greatest running back. As ballcarriers, there have been better runners.

"If you coached O.J. or Franco or Jim Brown or Gale, I'm sure you'd dwell on their great qualities," says Ditka, who played with Sayers and has now coached Payton for two seasons. "Gale ran better with the football than Walter. He was magic. But I just think Walter is the most complete player I've ever seen."

Even Payton resists being called the



No pressure, no problem.

game's best ballcarrier. "It doesn't matter who has the most amount of yards," he says. "Jim Brown's still the greatest." What's left unsaid is that Brown didn't block.

The Signpost Ahead

Walter Payton has missed just one game—as a rookie—out of 131 since he joined the Bears in 1975, and he was furious about that one when he learned that Brown had never missed a game. In the third game of the season last year, against New Orleans—in which Payton turned an inside trap into a 50-yard

touchdown, his longest run in three years—he sprained his left knee. He played the following week, but only the first series of each half. The injury didn't allow him a full week of practice the rest of the year. Still, in the last 12 games of the season he gained 1,108 yards. Overall he had the second-best rushing year of his career.

Even with the knee hurting last year, he says, he had more fun than ever before. "I don't know if it's because I'm getting closer to Jim Brown's record or because I'm getting younger."

Despite being caught up in football's version of Hank Aaron chasing Babe Ruth—except with two Aarons—he doesn't seem to feel much pressure. And the truth is he is under less pressure to produce now than ever in his career. For the first time—with quarterback Jim McMahon, wide receiver Willie Gault and fullback Suhey—the Bears have an offense beyond Payton.

The pressure is also lessened because, for years, the rushing record has been just a matter of time. Harris isn't going to play 15 years, and nobody else is in range. Payton has made his millions and he has made his reputation. "Right now I can play the game because I want to, not because I have to," he says.

But there will always be a certain amount of pressure on Walter Payton. "Walter keeps going on and on because he is never satisfied," says Gary Fencik, the Bears' free safety. Once he has the career rushing mark, another milestone will present itself to him, as they have in the past. "I hope it doesn't hold here as it did with 10,000 yards and 11,000," he says. "For those last ones, it was more fun to shoot for it than it was to attain it. That's probably the way it's going to be now, too. You can't look back."

Looking ahead, there's another marker a few years down the road: 15,000 yards. And there is all that other work to be done, the blocks and tackles and pass receptions. It is interesting and typical of Payton that as the Bears have developed more of a passing attack, Payton has become more of a passer, throwing six last year alone.

Pressure? No, there's no pressure. "I'm beyond the proving stage," says the man who has players for fans. "I'm playing for myself now." ★

Kevin Lamb is the author of Quarterbacks, Nickelbacks and Other Loose Change, published this fall.



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WORKING THE DAY SHIFT

Sunshine, green grass, regular hours. How can a team work under these conditions? Talk to the Cubs.

by Glen Waggoner



California won more Olympic gold medals than any other country besides the USA, the next vice-president may take the oath of office in a dress and the Jacksons' Victory Tour finally ended. But the biggest news of 1984 could be that the Chicago Cubs overcame the Curse of Day Baseball.

Could be.

As in any good soap opera, the final resolution will not be drawn out until the last ounce of emotion has been wrung from an overwrought audience. And the Cubs, 150 of whose games are beamed into television outlets in 40 states by Chicago's WGN-TV, are hands-down the longest-running soap opera in America. They go head-to-head against the networks' best prime-time tear-jerkers, and top them all in anguish, heartbreak, dashed hopes, disappointment and men left on base.

By the three-quarter point of the season, the 1984 Cubs had won more games than many past Cubs teams had

won in an entire season. And the question that now has an anxious country tossing and turning is whether these valiant few will finally be rewarded for doing openly in the sunlight what stealthier foes have done before them under cover of night's darkness. In other words, can a 1984 championship really be won without the aid of artificial light?

The Dark Facts

If you've tuned in late, here are some basic facts that will bring you up to date on the Cubs soap opera:

Fact: The Chicago Cubs have not won the National League pennant in 39 years, and their last World Series triumph came when Teddy Roosevelt was president.

Fact: Built in 1914, Wrigley Field has no lights, and all games are played during the day (Okay, okay, but we can't afford to overlook anything important).

Ryne Sandberg, for one, has had no trouble under Wrigley's sun.



Fact: The Cubs play approximately 105 day games a year, while other NL East teams average about 55 games in the sun (NL West teams have even fewer day games, of course, because they don't play the Cubs as often).

Fact: The average daily high temperature in Chicago in July is 83.3, the humidity 62 percent. In August it's 82.1 and 58 percent. That's hot. And humid.

Fact: The Cubs have a history of collapsing in September. Since 1945—henceforth known as the Year the Cubs Won the Pennant (YCWP)—they're 454 and 601 in September. They've played better than .500 ball in September only seven times since YCWP.

Fact: Since YCWP, the Cubs have the worst night record in the National League (.651-.975, .400).

in that period have the Cubs had a *winning* record on the road—in 1945, when you know what happened, and in 1969, when it would have happened again if the season had ended before Labor Day. This year, through the middle of August, the Cubs were 3 games over .500 on the road, 17 games over .500 at home.

Cool View from the Shadows

So what do long-time students of Chicago's North Side morality play make of these facts? Is there among them the key to the Cubs' sad history? Is day baseball at the root of the Cubs' decades of abject failure?

"There's no question in my mind," says Cubs general manager Dallas Green, who hadn't even found his way to the men's room two years ago before he

lies, for whom he won a World Series as manager in 1980, have just combined for a typical 1984 Cubs run: Bob Dernier, leadoff single; Dernier, stolen base; Ryne Sandberg, RBI double.

"Here we flip-flop what everybody else does," he continues. "Up by 8 A.M. to be at work by 10:30 in the morning during a home stand, then out onto the road. It's like going from the day shift to the night shift and back, every 10 days or so, for six months. No other team in baseball has to put up with that kind of disruption. Shucks [or something like it], the mental pressure of a pennant race is tough enough without adding something else to upset your concentration."

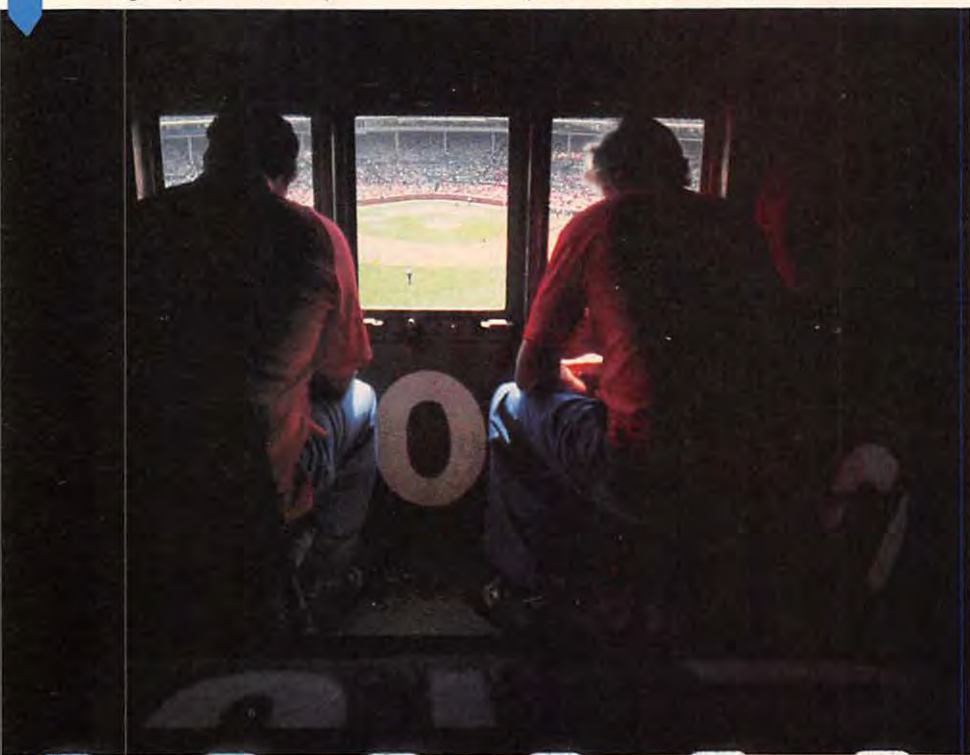
Maybe so, but his manager down on the field, Jim Frey, won't have any of it. "The whole subject bores me," says Frey, finishing his first season as the Cubs' skipper. He's seated in the Chicago dugout watching his pitchers take batting practice three hours before the start of a critical four-game August series against the New York Mets. The bleachers have been filled with screaming, cheering, shirtless Cubs fans for an hour.

"These guys have been playing baseball under all kinds of conditions since they were 10 years old. Most of them are in their twenties and in great shape. Hell, some of the guys in their thirties are in even better shape. If we get beat"—tobacco juice squirts dangerously near the shoes of the poor soul who has raised the subject—"we get beat, day or night."

A direct, straightforward baseball man who loves to talk about the game, Frey does allow that he preferred night games when he was a player, that he liked the cooler evenings and could see the ball better under the lights, and that the change from night to day schedules and back again does seem to bother some players. But he's not about to be saddled with an alibi: "I'm not going to go looking for excuses about when we play. If you've been writing for 15 years, you're not going to say it's because the air conditioner broke down if you write a horsefeathers story."

Working the Day Shift vs. Night Shift

But Jim, there has to be a reason for all those famous Cubs September swoons. If the fadeaway weren't already the name of a Christy Mathewson pitch, it would be a perfect moniker for a typical Cubs September. Surely the July and August heat in Chicago takes its toll on mere humans, and in bad years render them null and void in September. Gosh, Jim,



Inside the scoreboard is the only place the sun don't shine.

Fact: Since YCWP, the Cubs have won more night games than they've lost only three times.

Fact: The gap between the Cubs' winning percentage in day games (.476) and night games (.400) in the 38 seasons since YCWP is the greatest differential *either way* in the National League. The next largest? The N.Y.-S.F. Giants, .538 in day games vs. .496 at night.

Fact: Only twice in the last 38 years has a National League pennant winner had a *losing* record on the road, and only twice

started advocating lighting up Wrigley Field, "the Cubs are at a competitive disadvantage because of day baseball. In the last 25 years, baseball people have become night people. They play until 11 P.M. or so, don't eat dinner until midnight, get home or to a hotel room at 1 A.M., and don't get to sleep until two in the morning. They don't get up until 11 A.M. because they don't have to go back out to work until four in the afternoon."

The 6-5 Green, who matches up well with the oversized pitching staff he's assembled, watches an instant replay in his private, air-conditioned aerie in the rafters above third base. Two of his prized acquisitions from the Philadelphia Phil-

what about 1969?

1969. The blackest year in Chicago Cubs history, an invisible but permanent scar on the heart of every Cubs fan. Fifteen years ago this month, but as fresh in the true believer's memory as last night's nightmare.

Who can't recall the horrid details? The Banks-Santo-Williams Cubs were 82-52 at the end of August, in first place by 4 games. And then, in the next 28 games, they won 10, lost 18 and fell into a black hole. Their overall record—92-70—would have been good for a division title in 7 of the next 14 years, but 1969 was the year of the Miracle Mets. The Cubs finished second, eight games out, and wouldn't come close to 92-70 for another 14 seasons. Not, that is, until 1984.

This past summer's Old Timers' Game in Wrigley Field was billed as "The World Series That Should Have Been" and featured Cubs and Baltimore Orioles players from that fateful summer of 1969. Naturally, talk amongst the assembled old-timers turned to "What happened?" And just as naturally, to the effect of day baseball on what transpired 15 years ago.

"There's no question that day ball takes more out of you," recalls shortstop Don Kessinger, who played in 158 of the team's 162 games and batted .273 with 4 home runs and 53 RBIs. "You're more tired playing in the heat, especially if it's a hot summer."

Over at the hot corner, Ron Santo (160 games, .289, 29, 123) disagrees: "I loved to play in the daytime. I could pick up the ball better. I considered day ball an advantage. Heck, we were in a pennant race. You're too up to feel tired. The thing was, we didn't have the depth. It was pretty hard for Leo [Durocher, Cubs manager] not to play the same eight guys every day."

"Everybody wants to say we lost in '69 because of day ball," says catcher Randy Hundley (151 games, .255, 18, 64). "Everybody puts that into your mind. I don't buy it. I don't care whether you play day ball or night ball, guys have to be rested occasionally. We had the players, but we didn't have the bench. And Leo wore Phil Regan out."

No bench and a relief ace (Regan logged 112 innings in 71 appearances) who was worn out—that's how the boys of the summer of 1969 explain their sudden September demise.

What about the Cubs of the summer of 1984? Only four players—Jody Davis,

Playing Ball with Mother Nature

Wrigley Field may be the only park in the major leagues that won't light up our lives, but it is certainly not the only stadium that poses special problems. Here are the four ballparks that present the most treacherous obstacles.

Candlestick Park, San Francisco

The winds swirl and the fog rolls in almost nightly, when the temperature usually drops below 55 degrees by game time. Welcome to Candlestick—land of the Giants.

"From a marketing standpoint, we were always faced with a dilemma," says Duffy Jennings, the Giants' publicity director. "We were asking people to come out and watch the Giants, but we had to admit this was a lousy place to see them."

In 1983, the club hired a new advertising agency, Freeman Marketing, which devised a campaign that focused directly on the weather. "The idea," says Jennings, "is that you have to be tough to be a Giants fan. You can only see them in one place, Candlestick Park, and you've got to be prepared to see a game in the middle of July. That means bringing a thermos of hot coffee, hand warmers, scarves, coats—y'know, just typical baseball weather. Actually, it looks more like Green Bay, Wisconsin."

The Kingdom, Seattle

While the Giants have had their hands full promoting baseball outdoors, the Mariners have been stumped trying to figure out how to lure fans inside.

Of course winning would help, but that's not the only obstacle. The Northwestern portion of America is known for boating, backpacking, running, cycling and other outdoor activities, and that causes problems when the summer game is played inside.

"On a nice sunny day, people want to take advantage of the weather and get outside," says Randy Adamack, the Mariners' director of marketing. "When I worked in Cleveland we always prayed the sun would be shining. Then I moved here in 1978, and I would hear people in the office saying, 'We hope it's a nice, cloudy day so it doesn't affect our attendance.' You don't want it to be raining very hard here because people won't stand in line for tickets, but you would like it to be a little drizzly."

Arlington Stadium, Texas

The Rangers have perennially played the most night games in the major leagues because of the oppressive Texas heat. But the team feels that their second greatest environmental hazard—the wind—has now been taken care of. How? A \$6-million scoreboard was constructed. With the aid of accompanying billboards, the structure, rising from the back row of the outfield seats, represents a wall 29 feet high from one foul pole to the other. Hence, the stiff wind that normally blew in from right and center field into the face of the hitter no longer comes

in and holds up balls hit on a line.

"This is a much better ballpark now," says Texas manager Doug Rader. "Before, the only time the wind didn't hold up a ball was if you pulled it down the leftfield line. Worse than anything, that created bad habits. You either got messed up trying to change your stroke to accommodate the ballpark, or you tried to hit it harder than necessary. Now, the normal stroke of most hitters will get the ball out of the park."

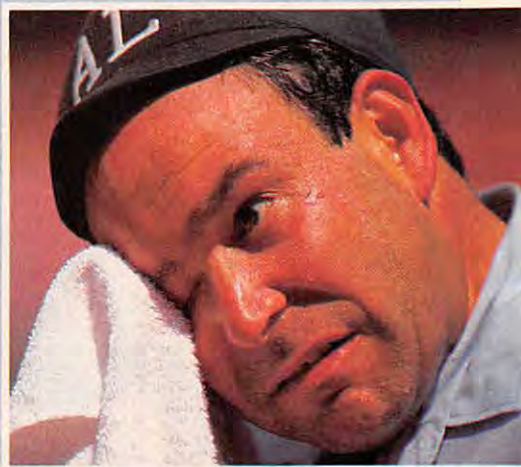
To prove Rader's point, with six weeks remaining in the season, home runs were leaving Arlington Stadium at a near record pace for the park.

Olympic Stadium, Montreal

In April and late September, hitters in Montreal have to contend with 40-degree nights and a wind-chill factor that makes it even nastier. Snow is common in the early weeks of each season, and the stadium is not well insulated.

"There'll be days," says former Expo Larry Parrish, "when you're playing in a drizzling rain and the wind-chill factor is in the 20s. [Montreal pitcher] Woodie Fryman loved it. He used to throw hard sliders in on the hands of hitters because guys hate to swing at that pitch in the cold."

In addition to the cold, Montreal presents other difficulties. Because a roof was never put on Olympic Stadium, the hole at the top provides problems with shadows and sunlight during the day games. Players have also



In Texas they whipped the wind, but can't beat the heat.

complained of poor vision at night, again having trouble picking up the ball against the various backdrops.

Of these four suffering teams, only the Giants have won a league championship in their present home—and that was 13 years ago. It's clear that for these clubs, an afternoon ballgame in the stifling Wrigley Field humidity would almost be a blessing. —Steve Pate

Rick Reuschel, Leon Durham and Lee Smith—remain from the Bob Kennedy-era Cubs that Green inherited after the 1981 season. Of the new Cubs, there is an equal balance of veterans (Ron Cey, Gary Matthews, Larry Bowa) and youngsters (Sandberg, Dernier, Keith Moreland) that Frey includes in the set lineup

he sends out most days. To virtually the entire team, then, the Cubs' unique diet of day baseball is a relatively new thing.

For 14-year veteran Bowa, the adjustment has been hard. "Your body chemistry gets all messed up by the shift from day baseball at home to night games on the road and back again. The first three

or four days you go on the road, you find yourself waking up at eight or nine in the morning even though you might not have gotten to bed until two or three. Your eating habits alter—I eat a big breakfast when we're at home, none at all on the road—and just when you get in a pattern, you're flying back in to start a homestand or packing up to hit the road."

On the other hand, Cubs opponents report no difficulty in adjusting to a three- or four-game series in Wrigley. "You're not there long enough for it to matter," says Montreal Expos third baseman Tim Lincecum. "Just being on the road is what you have to get used to. We play at least one day game during the week anyway, so adjusting to three is no big deal."

For some of the Cubs, the difficulties of day baseball aren't that complex.

"The main difference between day and night baseball," says leftfielder Gary Matthews, "is that if you want to go out for a beer after a day game, it's still Happy Hour."

One of the sotto voce raps against Cubs players of old—dating back to before the term Happy Hour was coined—was that they spent too many night hours getting happy after day games. After all, one advantage of night baseball is that it keeps players out of bars much of the night.

While Green agrees this is a potential problem, particularly for younger, foot-loose players without families, he sees the solution in "the character of the people you have and keep in your organization." While substance abuse is more publicly acknowledged among today's athletes, veteran baseball observers think excessive drinking by players was far more common in the "good old days" than it is now. Players drank then, but sportswriters didn't write about it.

Matthews, who is putting the finishing touches on a typical Gary Matthews year (he's been one of the most consistent players in the major leagues over the last five years), prefers to hit against power pitchers at night, but notes that "on a hot and humid day like we see so often in Wrigley, you figure some of those hard throwers are going to get tired about the sixth or seventh inning."

This can be a mixed blessing, Matthews knows, since "it might mean you'd have to face one of those hard-throwing relievers who's fresh, and you'd sure rather do that at night."

This season the Cubs scheduled 18 weekday home games to start at 3:05 P.M., instead of the customary 1:20 P.M. start-

A Few Enlightening Facts

"High-class baseball cannot be played at night under artificial light. The benefits derived by patrons attending a baseball game are largely due to fresh air and sunshine. Night air and electric lights are a poor substitute."

—Clark Griffith, Washington Senators owner, 1930

Owners' protests notwithstanding, baseball under the lights is almost as old as the electric light itself. Only the Cubs have stood fast against the march of "progress," and even they almost succumbed.

1879: Thomas Edison invents the light bulb.

1880: Two Boston area department store teams, Jordan Marsh and R.H. White, play ball on an illuminated field in Hull, Massachusetts. The power of the 36 lights under which they play is the equivalent of 30,000 candles.

April 28, 1930: The first artificially lit professional baseball game is played. It is a Class C, Western Association game and it is played in Independence, Kansas. The experiment proves so successful—attendance quadruples—that within less than a month franchises in Houston, Indianapolis, Lincoln and Sacramento begin playing at night.

May 24, 1935: President Franklin Roosevelt hits a switch in the White House and nighttime baseball comes to the major leagues at Crosley Field in Cincinnati. The Reds beat Philadelphia 2-1.

June 15, 1938: In the Brooklyn Dodgers' very first home night game, the Cincinnati Reds' left-

hand, Johnny Vander Meer, throws his second consecutive no-hitter.

1948: By now, every major league park is equipped for night baseball, except, of course, the Chicago Cubs' Wrigley Field. And had it not been for the outbreak of World War II, Cubs fans, too, would have seen the lights. At the end of the 1941 season the Cubs purchased the bulbs, wiring and fixtures necessary to light the park. But with the attack on Pearl Harbor, patriotism took over and the Wrigley family quickly sent the equipment to the United States Navy.

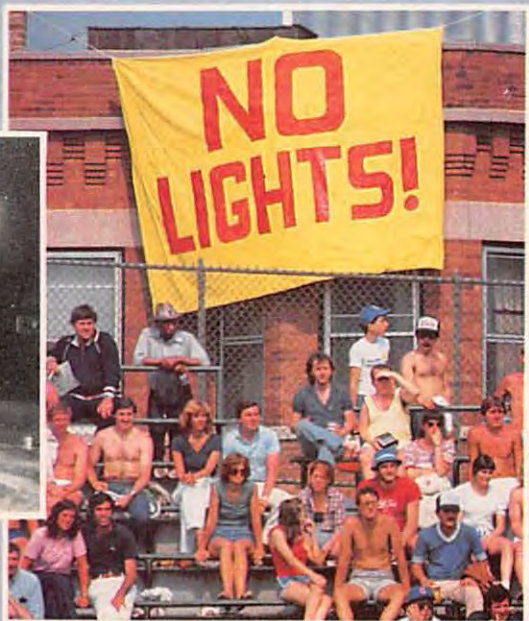
October 13, 1971: With revenue growing from televised baseball, the inevitable can no longer be put off, and the Pirates nip the Orioles, 4-3, in the first-ever World Series night game.

1981: The Chicago Tribune Company purchases the Chicago Cubs and installs Dallas Green as general manager. Green issues an early endorsement of playing after dark and it so outrages neighborhood residents that they form C.U.B.S. (Citizens United for Baseball in the Sunshine) and lobby successfully for a city ordinance banning night games at Wrigley Field. Early in 1984, Jim Finks, the team's new president, meets with C.U.B.S. and announces, "There will be no lights in Wrigley Field as long as I'm with the club."

—Steve Fiffer



Cincy, 1935: The new way. Wrigley, 1984: No way.



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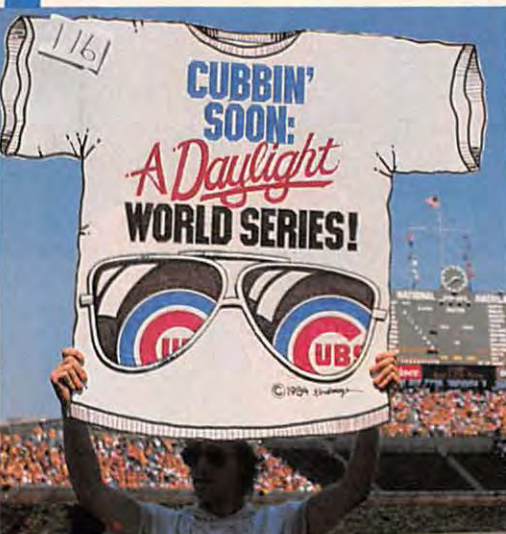
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ing time, in part to attract fans from Chicago's downtown business community and in part to give Cubs players a few hours of extra sleep after they've come in from a road trip. The new starting time also has meant that opposing teams have seen far more than they'd have liked to of relief ace Lee Smith and his 93-mph heater in the late afternoon shadows.



One advantage of playing during the day only becomes operative when your team is in first place. Says Matthews, "It's nice to play a game when you're not always tempted to look up at the scoreboard to see how the other guy is doing."

For Ron Cey, hampered by an ailing wrist all season, day/night hitting preferences vary with the pitcher, the "kind of day" (i.e., hazy, clear or overcast) and the park. The longtime Dodger (L.A. plays 115-120 games a year at night) believes that a night schedule does give players more time to recuperate from injuries. Going to bed two hours or so after a game lets the recovery process start sooner, Cey reasons, and that just doesn't happen after day games. "For me, after a long home stand, going on the road is almost like a vacation," the Cubs third baseman says.

Funny Bounces at the Brick Ballyard

"For a family man, day baseball is perfect," says new Cubs ace Rick Sutcliffe, who came to Chicago from Cleveland in one of Green's early-season deals. "I can get up at eight o'clock or so, spend some good time with my wife and daughter, go to the park at about 10:30, and get home after the game early enough to have dinner with them."

"Of course," he adds with a smile, "when I pitch, I prefer to pitch at night." That's because he suffers from the sum-

mer heat less at night, but what Rick's smile really says is—"anywhere but Wrigley."

That's a sentiment that any pitcher in his right mind would endorse, unless the choice is between Wrigley and Triple A. The fact that the park at North Clark and West Addison is the best hitter's park in baseball is widely documented. But the familiar refrain, "The wind was blowing out at Wrigley today..." is only part of the story. According to club records ("We're the only club in the major leagues that keeps wind trend stats," says front office man Ned Colletti), the wind blows in just about as often as it blows out. The power alleys—368 in deep right and deep left—make the big difference in Wrigley. But the wind dies down after dark, so the 70-year-old brick ballyard would presumably be even more of a hitter's paradise if home games were played at night. For such small blessings, Cubs pitchers join the local neighborhood group, Citizens United for Baseball in the Sunshine (C.U.B.S.), in being thankful.

But any comprehensive, scientific inquiry worthy of the name needs an unimpeachable expert witness: so, Pete Rose, take the stand.

Baseball's only player/manager is sitting in the visiting team's dugout before an August game against the Cubs in Wrigley. Members of the Chicago City Council are on the field playing a team of Illinois State Assemblymen in something called 16-inch softball, a quintessentially Chicago game, and Rose is catching all the action while holding forth on his favorite subject—the National Pastime. In due course, he turns to ballparks, and to the problems and pleasures of playing in one of the game's oldest—where men still sit inside the scoreboard to post the totals, frame by frame.

"I never had much luck here," he says, his words as abrupt and compact as his swing. "The deep grass kills a lot of one-hoppers. But you can see the ball good here, no doubt about it."

He warms to his subject: "A fly-ball pitcher can get killed in Wrigley. Charlie Lea gave up four home runs here this year, and three of them were pop flies that would have been outs anywhere else."

The wind was blowing out against Lea, Rose, ever the careful lecturer, explains, "But when it blows in, not even King Kong could hit it out."

"I like the field, but I don't like the elements," Rose says in his summary argument. "They cause you to alter your game. If the wind's blowing out, players

try to uppercut everything. If it's blowing in, hitters get frustrated because the grass takes away so many hits."

And day baseball? "Some players don't like to get up at eight in the morning to get ready for a day game. Me, I'd like to play day baseball regularly. That way, I'd be able to go home, have dinner and watch a ballgame on TV every night."

Let the Sun Shine

So, is there an answer to the day baseball curse? Is the Cubs soap opera hindered by its lack of prime-time exposure? Well, it's clearly tough on Cubs players (less so on pitchers) to go back and forth between day and night shifts, it's more tiring to play day games during July and August than it would be to play them at night, the Cubs' home schedule may give players too much free time for mischief and day baseball probably contributes to the Cubs' habit of swooning in September. But the simple fact is that the Cubs play better ball during the day. Always have. Remember, their day/night win-loss differential is the highest in the league. If it weren't for day baseball, the Cubs' past record would be even sorrier than it has been.

The problem is, the Cubs haven't been all that good any time—day or night. What's new this year is not that the Cubs have figured out a way to "overcome" day baseball. The big news at Wrigley Field in 1984 is that there's a group of ballplayers there who can play the game.

"Exactly," says Bob Cox, 55, a Chicago business executive and long-suffering Cubs fan. "I go back a long way with the Cubs. The first game I ever saw was the first game that Dizzy Dean pitched in Chicago." After watching more games than he can count in the open bleachers, the covered upper deck and (occasionally) in the standing room only section, he reminisces now from his season box, nine rows behind the visiting team's on-deck circle. "I've been disappointed many times," he says slowly, "but I really think this team may be different."

"Winning keeps you strong," catcher Jody Davis reassures Cubs fans everywhere. One of the hardest working Cubs, Davis caught 109 of the team's first 115 games. "August and September here can really wear you out when you're not in the race. But right now, I'm a whole lot less tired than I was at this time last year."

Glen Waggoner is the editor of Esquire's Health & Fitness Clinic.

PONTIAC

***1984 NFC/AFC
FOOTBALL SCHEDULE***



NATIONAL FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

DALLAS COWBOYS		
Sept. 3	at L.A. Rams (Mon.)	6:00
Sept. 9	at New York Giants	1:00
Sept. 16	PHILADELPHIA	3:00
Sept. 23	GREEN BAY	3:00
Sept. 30	at Chicago	12:00
Oct. 7	ST. LOUIS	12:00
Oct. 14	at Washington	4:00
Oct. 21	NEW ORLEANS	9:00
Oct. 28	INDIANAPOLIS	12:00
Nov. 4	NEW YORK GIANTS	12:00
Nov. 11	at St. Louis	12:00
Nov. 18	at Buffalo	1:00
Nov. 22	New England (Thanksgiving)	3:00
Dec. 2	at Philadelphia	1:00
Dec. 9	WASHINGTON	3:00
Dec. 17	at Miami (Mon.)	9:00

NEW YORK GIANTS		
Sept. 2	PHILADELPHIA	1:00
Sept. 9	DALLAS	1:00
Sept. 16	at Washington	4:00
Sept. 23	TAMPA BAY	4:00
Sept. 30	at Los Angeles Rams	1:00
Oct. 8	SAN FRANCISCO (Mon.)	9:00
Oct. 14	at Atlanta	1:00
Oct. 21	at Philadelphia	1:00
Oct. 28	WASHINGTON	4:00
Nov. 4	at Dallas	12:00
Nov. 11	at Tampa Bay	4:00
Nov. 18	ST. LOUIS	1:00
Nov. 25	KANSAS CITY	1:00
Dec. 2	at New York Jets	1:00
Dec. 9	at St. Louis	12:00
Dec. 15	NEW ORLEANS (Sat.)	12:30

ST. LOUIS CARDINALS		
Sept. 2	at Green Bay	12:00
Sept. 9	BUFFALO	12:00
Sept. 16	at Indianapolis	12:00
Sept. 23	at New Orleans	12:00
Sept. 30	MIAMI	12:00
Oct. 7	at Dallas	12:00
Oct. 14	CHICAGO	12:00
Oct. 21	WASHINGTON	12:00
Oct. 28	at Philadelphia	1:00
Nov. 4	LOS ANGELES RAMS	3:00
Nov. 11	DALLAS	12:00
Nov. 18	at New York Giants	1:00
Nov. 25	PHILADELPHIA	12:00
Dec. 2	at New England	1:00
Dec. 9	NEW YORK GIANTS	12:00
Dec. 16	at Washington	1:00

PHILADELPHIA EAGLES		
Sept. 2	at New York Giants	1:00
Sept. 9	MINNESOTA	1:00
Sept. 16	at Dallas	3:00
Sept. 23	SAN FRANCISCO	1:00
Sept. 30	at Washington	4:00
Oct. 7	at Buffalo	1:00
Oct. 14	INDIANAPOLIS	1:00
Oct. 21	NEW YORK GIANTS	1:00
Oct. 28	ST. LOUIS	1:00
Nov. 4	at Detroit	1:00
Nov. 11	at Miami	1:00
Nov. 18	WASHINGTON	1:00
Nov. 25	at St. Louis	12:00
Dec. 2	DALLAS	1:00
Dec. 9	NEW ENGLAND	1:00
Dec. 16	at Atlanta	4:00

WASHINGTON REDSKINS		
Sept. 2	MIAMI	1:00
Sept. 10	at San Francisco (Mon.)	6:00
Sept. 16	NEW YORK GIANTS	4:00
Sept. 23	at New England	1:00
Sept. 30	PHILADELPHIA	4:00
Oct. 7	at Indianapolis	1:00
Oct. 14	DALLAS	4:00
Oct. 21	at St. Louis	12:00
Oct. 28	at New York Giants	4:00
Nov. 5	ATLANTA (Mon.)	9:00
Nov. 11	TRETOIT	1:00
Nov. 18	at Philadelphia	1:00
Nov. 25	BUFFALO	1:00
Nov. 29	at Minnesota (Thurs.)	8:00
Dec. 9	at Dallas	3:00
Dec. 16	ST. LOUIS	1:00

CHICAGO BEARS		
Sept. 2	TAMPA BAY	12:00
Sept. 9	DENVER	12:00
Sept. 16	at Green Bay	12:00
Sept. 23	at Seattle	1:00
Sept. 30	DALLAS	12:00
Oct. 7	NEW ORLEANS	12:00
Oct. 14	at St. Louis	12:00
Oct. 21	at Tampa Bay	1:00
Oct. 28	MINNESOTA	12:00
Nov. 4	LOS ANGELES RAIDERS	12:00
Nov. 11	at Los Angeles Rams	1:00
Nov. 18	DETROIT	12:00
Nov. 25	at Minnesota	3:00
Dec. 3	at San Diego (Mon.)	6:00
Dec. 9	GREEN BAY	12:00
Dec. 16	at Detroit	1:00

DETROIT LIONS		
Sept. 2	SAN FRANCISCO	1:00
Sept. 9	at Atlanta	1:00
Sept. 16	at Tampa Bay	4:00
Sept. 23	MINNESOTA	1:00
Sept. 30	at San Diego	1:00
Oct. 7	DENVER	1:00
Oct. 14	TAMPA BAY	1:00
Oct. 21	at Minnesota	12:00
Oct. 28	at Green Bay	12:00
Nov. 4	PHILADELPHIA	1:00
Nov. 11	at Washington	1:00
Nov. 18	at Chicago	12:00
Nov. 22	GREEN BAY (Thanksgiving)	12:30
Dec. 2	at Seattle	1:00
Dec. 10	L.A. RAIDERS (Mon.)	9:00
Dec. 16	CHICAGO	1:00



GREEN BAY PACKERS		
Sept. 2	ST. LOUIS	12:00
Sept. 9	at Los Angeles Raiders	1:00
Sept. 16	CHICAGO	12:00
Sept. 23	at Dallas	3:00
Sept. 30	at Tampa Bay	4:00
Oct. 7	SAN DIEGO	3:00
Oct. 15	at Denver (Mon.)	7:00
Oct. 21	SEATTLE at Milwaukee	12:00
Oct. 28	DETROIT	12:00
Nov. 4	at New Orleans	12:00
Nov. 11	VIKINGS at Milwaukee	12:00
Nov. 18	L.A. RAMS at Milwaukee	12:00
Nov. 22	at Detroit (Thanksgiving)	12:30
Dec. 2	TAMPA BAY	12:00
Dec. 9	at Chicago	12:00
Dec. 16	at Minnesota	12:00

MINNESOTA VIKINGS		
Sept. 2	SAN DIEGO	12:00
Sept. 9	at Philadelphia	1:00
Sept. 16	ATLANTA	12:00
Sept. 23	at Detroit	1:00
Sept. 30	SEATTLE	12:00
Oct. 7	at Tampa Bay	1:00
Oct. 14	at Los Angeles Raiders	1:00
Oct. 21	DETROIT	12:00
Oct. 28	at Chicago	12:00
Nov. 4	TAMPA BAY	12:00
Nov. 11	Green Bay at Milwaukee	12:00
Nov. 18	at Denver	2:00
Nov. 25	CHICAGO	3:00
Nov. 29	WASHINGTON (Thurs.)	9:00
Dec. 8	at San Francisco (Sat.)	1:00
Dec. 16	GREEN BAY	12:00

TAMPA BAY BUCCANEERS		
Sept. 2	at Chicago	12:00
Sept. 9	at New Orleans	12:00
Sept. 16	DETROIT	4:00
Sept. 23	at New York Giants	4:00
Sept. 30	GREEN BAY	4:00
Oct. 7	MINNESOTA	1:00
Oct. 14	at Detroit	1:00
Oct. 21	CHICAGO	1:00
Oct. 28	at Kansas City	12:00
Nov. 4	at Minnesota	12:00
Nov. 11	NEW YORK GIANTS	4:00
Nov. 18	at San Francisco	1:00
Nov. 25	LOS ANGELES RAMS	1:00
Dec. 2	at Green Bay	12:00
Dec. 9	ATLANTA	1:00
Dec. 16	NEW YORK JETS	1:00

ATLANTA FALCONS		
Sept. 2	at New Orleans	12:00
Sept. 9	DETROIT	1:00
Sept. 16	at Minnesota	12:00
Sept. 23	HOUSTON	1:00
Sept. 30	at San Francisco	1:00
Oct. 7	at Los Angeles Rams	1:00
Oct. 14	NEW YORK GIANTS	1:00
Oct. 22	L. A. RAMS (Mon.)	9:00
Oct. 28	at Pittsburgh	4:00
Nov. 5	at Washington (Mon.)	9:00
Nov. 11	NEW ORLEANS	1:00
Nov. 18	CLEVELAND	1:00
Nov. 25	at Cincinnati	1:00
Dec. 2	SAN FRANCISCO	1:00
Dec. 9	at Tampa Bay	1:00
Dec. 16	PHILADELPHIA	4:00

LOS ANGELES RAMS		
Sept. 3	DALLAS (Mon.)	6:00
Sept. 9	CLEVELAND	1:00
Sept. 16	at Pittsburgh	4:00
Sept. 23	at Cincinnati	1:00
Sept. 30	NEW YORK GIANTS	1:00
Oct. 7	ATLANTA	1:00
Oct. 14	at New Orleans	12:00
Oct. 22	at Atlanta (Mon.)	9:00
Oct. 28	SAN FRANCISCO	1:00
Nov. 4	at St. Louis	3:00
Nov. 11	CHICAGO	1:00
Nov. 18	Green Bay at Milwaukee	12:00
Nov. 25	at Tampa Bay	1:00
Dec. 2	NEW ORLEANS	1:00
Dec. 9	HOUSTON	1:00
Dec. 14	at San Francisco (Fri.)	6:00

NEW ORLEANS SAINTS		
Sept. 2	ATLANTA	12:00
Sept. 9	TAMPA BAY	12:00
Sept. 16	at San Francisco	1:00
Sept. 23	ST. LOUIS	12:00
Sept. 30	at Houston	3:00
Oct. 7	at Chicago	12:00
Oct. 14	LOS ANGELES RAMS	12:00
Oct. 21	at Dallas	8:00
Oct. 28	at Cleveland	1:00
Nov. 4	GREEN BAY	12:00
Nov. 11	at Atlanta	1:00
Nov. 19	PITTSBURGH (Mon.)	8:00
Nov. 25	SAN FRANCISCO	3:00
Dec. 2	at Los Angeles Rams	1:00
Dec. 9	CINCINNATI	12:00
Dec. 15	at New York Giants (Sat.)	12:30

SAN FRANCISCO 49ERS		
Sept. 2	at Detroit	1:00
Sept. 10	WASHINGTON (Mon.)	6:00
Sept. 16	NEW ORLEANS	1:00
Sept. 23	at Philadelphia	1:00
Sept. 30	ATLANTA	1:00
Oct. 8	at New York Giants (Mon.)	9:00
Oct. 14	PITTSBURGH	1:00
Oct. 21	at Houston	3:00
Oct. 28	at Los Angeles Rams	1:00
Nov. 4	CINCINNATI	1:00
Nov. 11	at Cleveland	1:00
Nov. 18	TAMPA BAY	1:00
Nov. 25	at New Orleans	3:00
Dec. 2	at Atlanta	1:00
Dec. 8	MINNESOTA (Sat.)	1:00
Dec. 14	LOS ANGELES RAMS (Fri.)	6:00

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ALL TIMES LOCAL. ALL GAMES SUNDAY UNLESS NOTED OTHERWISE.

AMERICAN FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

BUFFALO BILLS		
Sept. 2	NEW ENGLAND	1:00
Sept. 9	at St. Louis	12:00
Sept. 17	MIAMI (Mon.)	9:00
Sept. 23	NEW YORK JETS	1:00
Sept. 30	at Indianapolis	12:00
Oct. 7	PHILADELPHIA	1:00
Oct. 14	at Seattle	1:00
Oct. 21	DENVER	1:00
Oct. 28	at Miami	4:00
Nov. 4	CLEVELAND	1:00
Nov. 11	at New England	1:00
Nov. 18	DALLAS	1:00
Nov. 25	at Washington	1:00
Dec. 2	INDIANAPOLIS	1:00
Dec. 8	at New York Jets (Sat.)	12:30
Dec. 16	at Cincinnati	1:00

INDIANAPOLIS COLTS		
Sept. 2	NEW YORK JETS	3:00
Sept. 9	at Houston	3:00
Sept. 16	ST. LOUIS	12:00
Sept. 23	at Miami	4:00
Sept. 30	BUFFALO	12:00
Oct. 7	WASHINGTON	12:00
Oct. 14	at Philadelphia	1:00
Oct. 21	PITTSBURGH	12:00
Oct. 28	at Dallas	12:00
Nov. 4	SAN DIEGO	1:00
Nov. 11	at New York Jets	1:00
Nov. 18	NEW ENGLAND	1:00
Nov. 25	at Los Angeles Raiders	1:00
Dec. 2	at Buffalo	1:00
Dec. 9	MIAMI	1:00
Dec. 16	at New England	1:00

MIAMI DOLPHINS		
Sept. 2	at Washington	1:00
Sept. 9	NEW ENGLAND	1:00
Sept. 17	at Buffalo (Mon.)	9:00
Sept. 23	INDIANAPOLIS	4:00
Sept. 30	at St. Louis	12:00
Oct. 7	at Pittsburgh	1:00
Oct. 14	HOUSTON	1:00
Oct. 21	at New England	1:00
Oct. 28	BUFFALO	4:00
Nov. 4	at New York Jets	4:00
Nov. 11	PHILADELPHIA	1:00
Nov. 18	at San Diego	1:00
Nov. 26	NEW YORK JETS (Mon.)	9:00
Dec. 2	LOS ANGELES RAIDERS	4:00
Dec. 9	at Indianapolis	1:00
Dec. 17	DALLAS (Mon.)	9:00

NEW ENGLAND PATRIOTS		
Sept. 2	at Buffalo	1:00
Sept. 9	at Miami	1:00
Sept. 16	SEATTLE	1:00
Sept. 23	WASHINGTON	1:00
Sept. 30	at New York Jets	1:00
Oct. 7	at Cleveland	1:00
Oct. 14	CINCINNATI	1:00
Oct. 21	MIAMI	1:00
Oct. 28	NEW YORK JETS	1:00
Nov. 4	at Denver	2:00
Nov. 11	BUFFALO	1:00
Nov. 18	at Indianapolis	1:00
Nov. 22	at Dallas (Thanksgiving)	3:00
Dec. 2	ST. LOUIS	1:00
Dec. 9	at Philadelphia	1:00
Dec. 16	INDIANAPOLIS	1:00

NEW YORK JETS		
Sept. 2	at Indianapolis	4:00
Sept. 9	PITTSBURGH (Thurs.)	9:00
Sept. 16	CINCINNATI	1:00
Sept. 23	at Buffalo	1:00
Sept. 30	NEW ENGLAND	1:00
Oct. 7	at Kansas City	12:00
Oct. 14	at Cleveland	1:00
Oct. 21	KANSAS CITY	4:00
Oct. 28	at New England	1:00
Nov. 4	MIAMI	4:00
Nov. 11	INDIANAPOLIS	1:00
Nov. 18	at Houston	3:00
Nov. 26	at Miami (Mon.)	9:00
Dec. 2	NEW YORK GIANTS	1:00
Dec. 8	BUFFALO (Sat.)	12:30
Dec. 16	at Tampa Bay	1:00

CINCINNATI BENGALS		
Sept. 2	at Denver	2:00
Sept. 9	KANSAS CITY	1:00
Sept. 16	at New York Jets	1:00
Sept. 23	LOS ANGELES RAMS	1:00
Oct. 1	at Pittsburgh (Mon.)	9:00
Oct. 7	HOUSTON	4:00
Oct. 14	at New England	1:00
Oct. 21	CLEVELAND	1:00
Oct. 28	at Houston	12:00
Nov. 4	at San Francisco	1:00
Nov. 11	PITTSBURGH	1:00
Nov. 18	SEATTLE	1:00
Nov. 25	ATLANTA	1:00
Dec. 2	at Cleveland	1:00
Dec. 9	at New Orleans	12:00
Dec. 16	BUFFALO	1:00

CLEVELAND BROWNS		
Sept. 2	at Seattle	1:00
Sept. 9	at Los Angeles Rams	1:00
Sept. 16	DENVER	9:00
Sept. 23	PITTSBURGH	1:00
Sept. 30	at Kansas City	12:00
Oct. 7	NEW ENGLAND	1:00
Oct. 14	NEW YORK JETS	1:00
Oct. 21	at Cincinnati	1:00
Oct. 28	NEW ORLEANS	1:00
Nov. 4	at Buffalo	1:00
Nov. 11	SAN FRANCISCO	1:00
Nov. 18	at Atlanta	1:00
Nov. 25	HOUSTON	1:00
Dec. 2	CINCINNATI	1:00
Dec. 9	at Pittsburgh	1:00
Dec. 16	at Houston	12:00



PONTIAC
WE BUILD
EXCITEMENT

HOUSTON OILERS		
Sept. 2	LOS ANGELES RAIDERS	3:00
Sept. 9	INDIANAPOLIS	3:00
Sept. 16	at San Diego	1:00
Sept. 23	at Atlanta	1:00
Sept. 30	NEW ORLEANS	3:00
Oct. 7	at Cincinnati	4:00
Oct. 14	at Miami	1:00
Oct. 21	SAN FRANCISCO	3:00
Oct. 28	CINCINNATI	1:00
Nov. 4	at Pittsburgh	1:00
Nov. 11	at Kansas City	12:00
Nov. 18	NEW YORK JETS	3:00
Nov. 25	at Cleveland	1:00
Dec. 2	PITTSBURGH	12:00
Dec. 9	at Los Angeles Rams	1:00
Dec. 16	CLEVELAND	12:00

PITTSBURGH STEELERS		
Sept. 2	KANSAS CITY	1:00
Sept. 6	at New York Jets (Thurs.)	9:00
Sept. 16	LOS ANGELES RAMS	4:00
Sept. 23	at Cleveland	1:00
Oct. 1	CINCINNATI (Mon.)	9:00
Oct. 7	MIAMI	1:00
Oct. 14	at San Francisco	1:00
Oct. 21	at Indianapolis	1:00
Oct. 28	ATLANTA	4:00
Nov. 4	HOUSTON	1:00
Nov. 11	at Cincinnati	1:00
Nov. 19	at New Orleans (Mon.)	8:00
Nov. 25	SAN DIEGO	1:00
Dec. 2	at Houston	12:00
Dec. 9	CLEVELAND	1:00
Dec. 16	at Los Angeles Raiders	1:00

DENVER BRONCOS		
Sept. 2	CINCINNATI	2:00
Sept. 9	at Chicago	12:00
Sept. 16	at Cleveland	9:00
Sept. 23	KANSAS CITY	2:00
Sept. 30	LOS ANGELES RAIDERS	2:00
Oct. 7	at Detroit	1:00
Oct. 15	GREEN BAY (Mon.)	7:00
Oct. 21	at Buffalo	1:00
Oct. 28	at Los Angeles Raiders	1:00
Nov. 4	NEW ENGLAND	2:00
Nov. 11	at San Diego	1:00
Nov. 18	MINNESOTA	2:00
Nov. 25	SEATTLE	2:00
Dec. 2	at Kansas City	12:00
Dec. 9	SAN DIEGO	2:00
Dec. 15	at Seattle (Sat.)	1:00

KANSAS CITY CHIEFS		
Sept. 2	at Pittsburgh	1:00
Sept. 9	at Cincinnati	1:00
Sept. 16	LOS ANGELES RAIDERS	12:00
Sept. 23	at Denver	2:00
Sept. 30	CLEVELAND	12:00
Oct. 7	NEW YORK JETS	12:00
Oct. 14	SAN DIEGO	12:00
Oct. 21	at New York Jets	4:00
Oct. 28	TAMPA BAY	12:00
Nov. 4	at Seattle	1:00
Nov. 11	HOUSTON	12:00
Nov. 18	at Los Angeles Raiders	1:00
Nov. 25	at New York Giants	1:00
Dec. 2	DENVER	12:00
Dec. 9	SEATTLE	12:00
Dec. 16	at San Diego	1:00

LOS ANGELES RAIDERS		
Sept. 2	at Houston	3:00
Sept. 9	GREEN BAY	1:00
Sept. 16	at Kansas City	12:00
Sept. 24	SAN DIEGO (Mon.)	6:00
Sept. 30	at Denver	2:00
Oct. 7	SEATTLE	1:00
Oct. 14	MINNESOTA	1:00
Oct. 21	at San Diego	1:00
Oct. 28	DENVER	1:00
Nov. 4	at Chicago	12:00
Nov. 12	at Seattle (Mon.)	6:00
Nov. 18	KANSAS CITY	1:00
Nov. 25	INDIANAPOLIS	1:00
Dec. 2	at Miami	4:00
Dec. 10	at Detroit (Mon.)	9:00
Dec. 16	PITTSBURGH	1:00

SAN DIEGO CHARGERS		
Sept. 2	at Minnesota	12:00
Sept. 9	at Seattle	1:00
Sept. 16	HOUSTON	1:00
Sept. 24	at L.A. Raiders (Mon.)	6:00
Sept. 30	DETROIT	1:00
Oct. 7	at Green Bay	3:00
Oct. 14	at Kansas City	12:00
Oct. 21	LOS ANGELES RAIDERS	1:00
Oct. 29	SEATTLE (Mon.)	6:00
Nov. 4	at Indianapolis	1:00
Nov. 11	DENVER	1:00
Nov. 18	MIAMI	1:00
Nov. 25	at Pittsburgh	1:00
Dec. 3	CHICAGO (Mon.)	6:00
Dec. 9	at Denver	2:00
Dec. 16	KANSAS CITY	1:00

SEATTLE SEAHAWKS		
Sept. 2	CLEVELAND	1:00
Sept. 9	SAN DIEGO	1:00
Sept. 16	at New England	1:00
Sept. 23	CHICAGO	1:00
Sept. 30	at Minnesota	12:00
Oct. 7	at Los Angeles Raiders	1:00
Oct. 14	BUFFALO	1:00
Oct. 21	Green Bay at Milwaukee	12:00
Oct. 29	at San Diego (Mon.)	6:00
Nov. 4	KANSAS CITY	1:00
Nov. 12	L.A. RAIDERS (Mon.)	6:00
Nov. 18	at Cincinnati	1:00
Nov. 25	at Denver	2:00
Dec. 2	DETROIT	1:00
Dec. 9	at Kansas City	12:00
Dec. 15	DENVER (Sat.)	1:00

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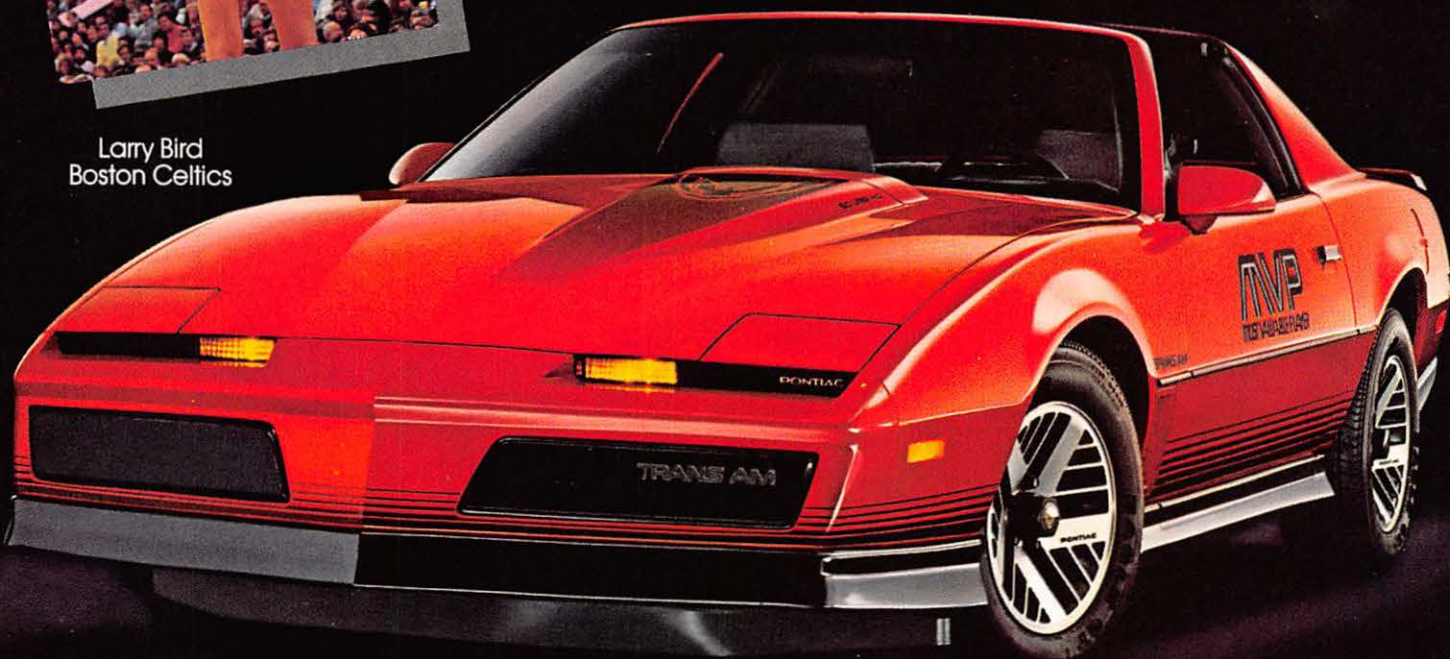
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Raiders



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Edmonton Oilers

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Baltimore Orioles

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PONTIAC  **WE BUILD EXCITEMENT**



THE MAN AND THE MOON

The franchise, Earl Campbell, wants to run with the ball. The investment, Warren Moon, gets \$6 million to throw it. Is the Houston Oilers' backfield big enough for both of them?

by Chet Fussman



Warren Moon is crouched behind the Houston Oilers' massive offensive line, barking signals, his eyes scanning an imaginary defense. It is the first week of training camp and this drill is strictly a dance. Moon takes the snap from center, spins and hands off to Earl Campbell, who charges through the line and on downfield, Moon trailing in his wake. In the end zone, under a cloudless West Texas sky, Moon and Campbell exchange satisfied glances and circle back toward the line of scrimmage.

There is irony in the sight of Moon trailing after Campbell. For from the first day of camp, it is Moon, the high-priced

interloper from the Canadian Football League, who has eclipsed Campbell as the Oilers' offensive leader, Moon whose quotes are sought by the press, Moon who is coddled by the fans. "Moon, Moon. Way to go, Moon. You're the man, Moon."

This used to be Earl Campbell's team. He joined the Oilers in 1978, a Heisman Trophy winner from the University of Texas with mega-thighs and a penchant for running hard, often and straight at the opposition. With Campbell averaging 1,700 yards and 350 carries a season, the Oilers won back-to-back division titles and a wild card playoff berth in 1980. Each year they wound up losing to the eventual Super Bowl champion.

Those season-ending losses didn't sit well with Bud Adams Jr., the impetuous

At the Drafting Table: How to Draw a Line

During a recent seven-year period, the Houston Oilers provided a lesson on how to destroy yourself through the draft. From 1974 to 1981, the Oilers traded 22 draft choices from rounds one through five. And they are paying the price.

"I'm aware of that statistic," says Oilers general manager Ladd Herzog, who took over as GM in 1980 after Bum Phillips was fired. "We very much regret what was done. It obviously set this team back."

To reverse the trend, Herzog has held on to the team's No. 1 picks. And each year, beginning in 1982, the Oilers have used that pick to draft, not a box office star, but an offensive lineman. Mike Munchak (6-3, 286, Penn State), then Bruce Matthews (6-4, 280, USC), then Dean Steinkuhler (6-3, 275, Nebraska)—building blocks for the future.

"To build a solid foundation, you need to start with the offensive line," says Herzog. "The offensive line, more than any other position, can control the tempo of the game. Our line needed to be rebuilt. We feel we've

taken the proper steps."

In recent years, other teams have gone the same route. In 1977 and '78, the Atlanta Falcons drafted Warren Bryant and Mike Kenn, both offensive linemen, both in the first round. "In my opinion, offensive line is top priority," says Falcons VP Eddie LeBaron. "To win you have to be able to run the ball, and to run the ball you have to have good offensive linemen. They don't all have to be No. 1 picks, but if none of them are, the odds are against you."

Munchak, who started every game last season, has developed into one of the most talented guards in the NFL. Matthews was named to three all-rookie teams last season. Steinkuhler won the Outland Trophy as the best collegiate lineman in the nation.

Joining the massive trio are Harvey Salem and Pat Howell, both second-round draft choices, though Howell was originally selected by Atlanta. For depth, there is Morris Towns, the Oilers' first-round pick in 1977.

"Not only does this line have potential,"

says veteran wide receiver Butch Johnson, "but it's the biggest line I've ever seen since I came into the NFL."

It's also one of the most flexible. Matthews, who started every game but one at right guard last season, is now playing center. Steinkuhler, who has excelled at guard, is playing right tackle. Salem has been moved from right tackle to left tackle. Only Munchak has stayed put.

"To compensate for injuries [veteran tackle Doug France could be out for the season with a torn rotator cuff], we want to be able to move people around," says Herzog. "Matthews can play three positions. That's the kind of flexibility we're looking for."

For owner Bud Adams, all those high draft choices represent a substantial investment: Munchak, four years, \$1.2 million; Matthews, four years, \$1.8 million; and Steinkuhler, four years, \$2.6 million. But the payoff is expected to last for years. "The thing about offensive linemen is that they tend to play together for a long time," says GM Art

Rooney of the division rival Pittsburgh Steelers. "Their line could be great for the next 10 years. I just hope they aren't ready yet."

Steinkuhler, for one, is still learning. He is just finding out about a new offensive weapon: the pass. "At Nebraska, we ran the ball 90 percent of the time," Steinkuhler says. "I'm not used to pass-blocking. But every day, I feel like I'm getting better at it."

The consensus around the league is that within a few years, Steinkuhler will be an integral part of one of the best offensive lines in the NFL. "Everyone talks about our potential," Munchak says. "But I don't buy that. I think we can be awesome now."

Munchak plus Matthews plus Steinkuhler equals the biggest offensive line in football.



Houston oil baron who owns the Oilers. Like a wildcatter banking on a big strike, he acted with swift and furious (some would say foolish) resolve. The first casualty was quarterback Dan Pastorini, shipped to the Raiders for Ken Stabler after the '79 season. A year later, the ax fell on Bum Phillips, the most successful coach in the history of the franchise, and a cult figure in Houston. In 1981, under new head coach Ed Biles, Campbell's yardage dropped nearly 30 percent and the Oilers slipped under .500. Entering the '84 season, the Oilers' record over the past two years was 3-22. Pretty damn dismal.

So Adams sank \$6 million into a brand new quarterback. Moon joins the Oilers after six seasons with the CFL Edmonton Eskimos. Under Moon, the Eskimos were 81-21-5 and won five Grey Cup

championships. In 1983, he won the MVP by connecting for 5,648 yards passing—the most in a single season by any quarterback in any professional league anywhere—and leading his team in rushing.

Moon's vast ability is a given. Yet it remains to be seen what effect his pairing with Campbell will have on the Oilers' offense. In a league where longer, wider fields and three-down sets favor mobility and a strong arm, Moon became the consummate CFL quarterback. His backs rarely touched the ball more than 10 times a game; they were most useful as pass-blockers and secondary receivers. Campbell, the centerpiece of the Oilers' one-back offense, is a three-time NFL rushing leader who won't block, can't catch passes and bristles at anything less than 25-30 carries in an afternoon.

Each star is complemented by an impressive supporting cast. For Campbell, it is an offensive line built on three No. 1 draft picks (including Nebraska's Dean Steinkuhler, second overall in 1984) and two No. 2s. For Moon, it is a fine pass-catcher in Tim Smith, a five-year veteran from Nebraska who quietly led all NFL wide receivers in receptions last season. (Smith's 1,176 yards on 83 catches were lost on the Pro Bowl selection committee, but not on International Dull Folks Unlimited of Rochester, N.Y.; the latter named Smith their Unrecognized Athlete of the Year.)

The final element in the Oilers' potent new mix is Hugh Campbell (no relation to Earl), the new head coach who was also Moon's coach at Edmonton. Like Moon and Earl Campbell, Hugh Campbell has an impressive resume: he compiled the

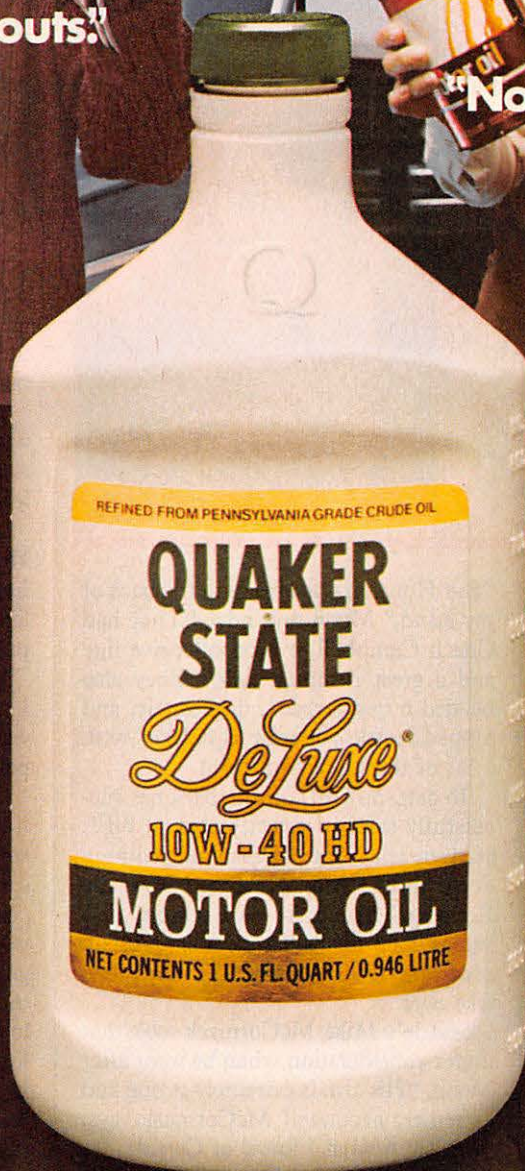
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highest career winning percentage (.773) in CFL history. But he, too, is facing an entirely new set of circumstances. This is his NFL coaching debut (after one year in the USFL) and he has never directed a ball-control offense, nor a back like Earl Campbell.

The Investment

Butch Johnson, the former Cowboys wide receiver who was traded to the Oilers last spring, then traded to the Broncos in August, remembers the first time he worked out with Moon: "He showed the capacity to throw deep, to thread the ball between people, to throw a touch pass and excellent timing. I didn't have to dive for anything; the ball was always right in my chest. It's a receiver's dream. He throws a lot like Dan Fouts but he uses a deeper drop. And where Dan's passes may be a little high, Warren's just come like *wmmmmph!*"

Six years ago, when the time came for Moon to leave the University of Washington, he didn't wait around for the NFL draft. He had won the Pac 8 player of the year award, and quarterbacked Washington to victory in the Rose Bowl, but every scout he talked to said he didn't fit the mold. Too short, they said (he is at least two inches shorter than his listed height, 6-3). Too much of a scrambler. They didn't need to remind him that he is black.

So Moon went to Canada. At first he sat on the bench. Coach Hugh Campbell brought him along slowly, and it was not until late in the 1979 season, Moon's second in the CFL, that he won the starting job. "He kept improving," remembers Jim Germany, a running back with Edmonton. "After a while you just knew he was going places."

Moon thrived under Hugh Campbell's fifth-gear offense: run to set up the pass, or just pass. "Our offensive line wasn't that great," says Germany. "Warren created a lot of opportunities that other quarterbacks couldn't. When it looked like he'd be sacked, he'd escape, scramble around and find an open receiver."

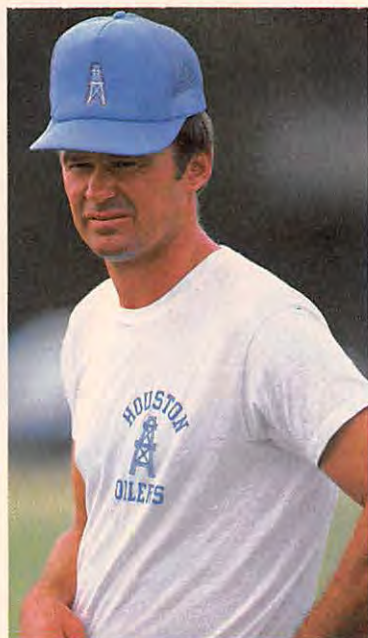
"He was the ideal CFL quarterback," says Seattle Seahawks GM Mike McCor-

mack, who tried to sign Moon last year. "He used every corner of the field."

After winning the fifth Grey Cup in 1982, Hugh Campbell left for the USFL. A year later Moon, who had always been close to the coach, decided the time was ripe to switch to the NFL. "After winning and winning, it just wasn't the same challenge anymore," says Moon. "I needed something new. But I'd be lying if I said I wasn't thinking about the money."

Because he had never been drafted, Moon was available to any team in the NFL—for the right price. For a while, Seattle appeared to have the inside track.

Coach Campbell is just one of the boys. The other Campbell (Earl) thought Hugh was one of the players.



"But Houston was always in the back of my mind," Moon says now. "They had Coach Campbell, a good offensive line and a great running back." They also needed a quarterback, desperately, and topped Seattle's offer by \$1 million, with a lot of the money up front.

To date, no CFL quarterback has successfully stepped directly into an NFL starting spot; Joe Theismann, coming down from Canada, watched from the Redskins' bench for two seasons and studied long and hard under then-assistant coach Joe Walton before he was ready to take over.

Seattle's Mike McCormack took that under consideration when he went after Moon. "His arm is extremely strong and extremely accurate," McCormack says. "But from what I know of Canada, we play more varied defenses in the NFL and the defensive backs are generally better. It will take him time to adjust. Like

all new quarterbacks, he will have to learn to work with his own receivers. But he has a young, strong, offensive line and Earl Campbell to take the pressure off."

Even Hugh Campbell is cautious when it comes to making predictions about Moon's immediate impact on the Oilers. "Warren won't set the league on fire right away," he says.

That was evident in Moon's first NFL exhibition game, against Tampa Bay. He was aware of the expectations his contract had created, and expected the Oilers to score a touchdown on their first possession.

While Earl Campbell stood on the sidelines in a jersey and jeans because of his sore right knee, the running game faltered. Penalties killed drives. Moon, continually harassed by the blitzing Tampa Bay Buccaneers' defense, underthrew receivers and was intercepted twice.

"He can expect to see blitzing-type defenses like that all year," said Tampa Bay cornerback Johnny Holt after the game. "It's the best way to contain someone who scrambles like he does. It seemed to bother him quite a bit."

The Oilers would manage only three points under Moon in the first half of a 30-17 loss. Afterward, Moon, surrounded by the media, slowly peeled off his uniform and patiently responded to a barrage of questions.

"It wasn't what I hoped my debut would be," Moon said. "But we were missing a few key people. I'm sure we'll look better when Earl comes back."

The Franchise

Earl Campbell thinks back over the last few seasons and lowers his face into his palms.

"You know, sometimes I look back and I can't believe I was part of a team that was 2-14," he says. "And 1-8 the year before that. Man, that was bad."

Campbell, who in six years has become the ninth-leading rusher in NFL history, says last year was the low point of his career. When he was benched by interim coach Chuck Studley during a 55-14 loss to the Bengals, he told reporters after the game, "I wouldn't treat a dog the way they treated me out there." He demanded to be traded. Later he threatened to play for the San Antonio Gunslingers of the USFL. He was unhappy with his \$400,000-a-year contract, which runs through the '85 season.

"I was frustrated and I said some things I shouldn't have," Campbell recalls. "The tension was building up. I had to let some

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NFL vs. CFL vs. USFL: Canada's Losing the Border Wars

Football press boxes across Canada were crowded with new faces this summer as talent hounds from the NFL and the USFL intensified their search for fresh recruits.

Warren Moon is one of a dozen CFL all-stars to abandon the Northland for the states this fall; others include Marcellus Greene (Rams), Cedric Minter (Jets) and Kerry Parker (Chiefs). And bad news for the CFL: the situation will only get worse. The salary explosion brought on by the USFL has made it hard to recruit quality U.S. players, and even harder to hold on to them.

Two current Canadian footballers with a future south of the border are wide receivers Terry Greer and Mervyn Fernandez. Greer set a CFL record with 113 receptions in 1983 and will be a free agent when his contract

expires next season. Fernandez, a dropout from San Jose State, was drafted by the Raiders last year and will belong to them when his current pact expires in 1986. One published report—denied by the Raiders—had the NFL club offering the B.C. Lions \$1 million to secure his early release.

Money is what motivates players to leave the CFL. Canadian salaries, competitive just two years ago, have failed to keep pace. In real terms, the value of many contracts has dwindled with the Canadian dollar, now worth 75 U.S. cents. Only Montreal, the best bankrolled franchise, has spent freely.

Americans who do sign with CFL teams are regarded as "CFL types," well-suited to exploit the peculiarities of the Canadian game. Those include:

- A field 11½ yards wider, 10 yards longer and 15 yards deeper in the end zone. Defensive ends and linebackers are usually lighter than their American counterparts, but also quicker. Quarterbacks tend to be agile scramblers. Six of the nine starters in the league are black.
- Only three downs. The pass is far more important than the run, and even backs are used primarily as receivers.
- No fair catch on punts. That's why the Redskins' Mike Nelms is such a reckless return man. He learned how in the CFL.

The CFL evolved into a professional circuit after World War II. Originally, financial woes saddled most teams, salaries were low (the minimum was \$6,000 as recently as 1974) and stadiums were second-rate. Many players were attracted by the fact that playing in the CFL was almost a part-time job, and left time for a second career. Even today, a league bylaw prohibits most teams from practicing before 4 P.M..

In the last decade, salaries have improved, seven of nine stadiums have been built or renovated and a dome has sprouted in Vancouver. Attendance is up in 10 of the last 11 seasons, while TV revenue has jumped from \$1 million annually in 1975 to the latest pact providing \$33 million over three years.

Still, only two teams claimed a profit in 1983. One that did was the community-owned Saskatchewan Roughriders, who play in the smallest stadium in the league (capacity 29,000) and balance the books at the end of each year with a \$200-a-plate dinner.

The biggest loser was Montreal, which draws an average of less than 15,000 to the 59,000-seat Olympic Stadium. Montrealers, it is said, proudly lavish their affection on the Canadiens and Expos, but view the CFL as a minor league. If current trends continue, they may be proven right.

—Pat Hickey

Mervyn Fernandez:
Today a B.C. Lion,
tomorrow an L.A. Raider?



of it out."

Much of Campbell's dissatisfaction in the last three years stemmed from his stormy relationship with Biles, Phillips' replacement who was fired last season after the Oilers dropped their first six games. The two avoided each other from the start. "We had no communication," Campbell says. "He never talked to me. You know, I never said more than seven words a day to Bum Phillips when he was here, but that was different. There was an understanding between us. I didn't have that with Biles."

When they did communicate, it was often through the newspapers. After a loss last season, Biles was quoted as saying Campbell was "slow to read holes, stupid when it comes to terminology and learning the rest of the playbook." Camp-

bell flared; Biles insisted he was misquoted.

During Biles' tenure, the absence of a consistent passing attack led opposing defenses to key on Campbell. The Oilers tried to compensate by sending Campbell out on pass routes. He caught 36 passes in 1981, more than three times as many as the year before under Phillips, but he balked at the confusion of roles and his yards-per-carry dropped from 5.2 in 1980 to 4.6, and down to 3.4 in 1982.

Despite all the strife and distractions, Campbell rebounded last season to gain over 1,000 yards and edge closer to his expressed goal of becoming the NFL's all-time leading rusher. "I've often said I'm playing pro football for myself," says Campbell. "There are a lot of individual goals I haven't accomplished. I still have

those to shoot for, even if nothing happens here."

With the arrival of Hugh Campbell and Moon, it seems likely that something *will* happen. But Campbell, who had arthroscopic surgery in May and is still not 100 percent, hasn't shown a lot of enthusiasm yet. Over the past few years, he says, he has learned to be realistic.

The Mix Master

Hugh Campbell, like Bum Phillips before him, is a players' coach. He imposes no curfew during training camp and his practice sessions can be less than grueling. "It's the opposite of training camp in Dallas, where Coach Landry always wanted you to be at a certain place at a certain time," says Butch Johnson. "Coach Campbell treats us like men."

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At 42, Campbell looks young enough to be mistaken for a player. In fact, Earl Campbell said he made that mistake twice during an off-season minicamp. He has always enjoyed a good rapport with his players and rarely displays his emotions outwardly. He's basically a mellow fellow. Many wonder whether his cool, low-key demeanor will be forceful enough to meet his biggest challenge in a season of challenges: merging two explosive offensive weapons as divergent as Earl Campbell and Moon.

"I would say Hugh is the perfect guy to do that," says Cowboys GM Gil Brandt. "He always has a good personal relationship with his players. If anyone can sit down and convince Earl Campbell about changing the offensive scheme, it's Hugh Campbell."

Earl, for one, appears ready to listen. "Look at San Diego," he says. "Nobody throws the ball more than they do, yet Chuck Muncie gets his 1,000 yards every season. We can have the same situation here. If Moon can complete a large percentage of passes, that's going to make guys like Lester Hayes and Tim Fox spread out on their receivers a bit. That way, the linebackers won't be able to play so tight on the line of scrimmage. That should open things up for me quite a bit."

Moon: "I'd be surprised if Earl doesn't get the ball more than 25 times a game. That's going to make it easier for me to pass. [Redskins fullback John] Riggins carries the ball that many times, yet look how effective [Joe] Theismann is."

And offensive guard Mike Munchak: "Last year every team was geared toward stopping our run. We were running the ball on third-and-four and third-and-five and not making it. But now the defense will have to respect Warren. Even if we do run, in the back of their minds they have to be thinking pass."

So what's the problem? Nothing, say the experts, as long as the Oilers get off to a solid start. If the losses pile up in the first half of the season, it could bring discord. Losing would be especially hard on Moon or Campbell, especially for the one who feels his talents are not being fully utilized.

"It will put pressure on the defense, too," says Seattle's McCormack. "They'll have to keep the offense on the field and keep the Oilers from falling behind early, or else the question becomes, 'Do you try to get back in the game right away or do you run with the ball?'—and the game plan goes out the window."

Germany, the Edmonton running back

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who played under Hugh Campbell for six years, says his former coach is flexible enough to accommodate Moon and Campbell, but if anyone has to adjust it will be Earl.

"I'm sure Coach Campbell will want to throw the ball more than Earl would like," says Germany, who averaged fewer than 10 carries per game. "But if Earl can come to grips with Coach Campbell's philosophy, he'll see that it benefits him more than anybody else. He'll have bigger holes to run through and he won't be as beat up after every game."

"You look at every Super Bowl team," says Johnson, "and you see they've always

had a great quarterback and a great running back. Terry Bradshaw and Franco Harris. Jim Taylor and Bart Starr. You have to have both to get there."

For the first time in years, the Oilers have both. But can they work together? Can two awesome talents, seemingly pulling in opposite directions, coexist?

"It can happen and it will happen," says Coach Campbell. "Coexistence will be no problem. None whatsoever."

How long will it take?

"Well, that's another story." ★

Chet Fussman is a sportswriter for the Miami Herald.

Tough to beat.



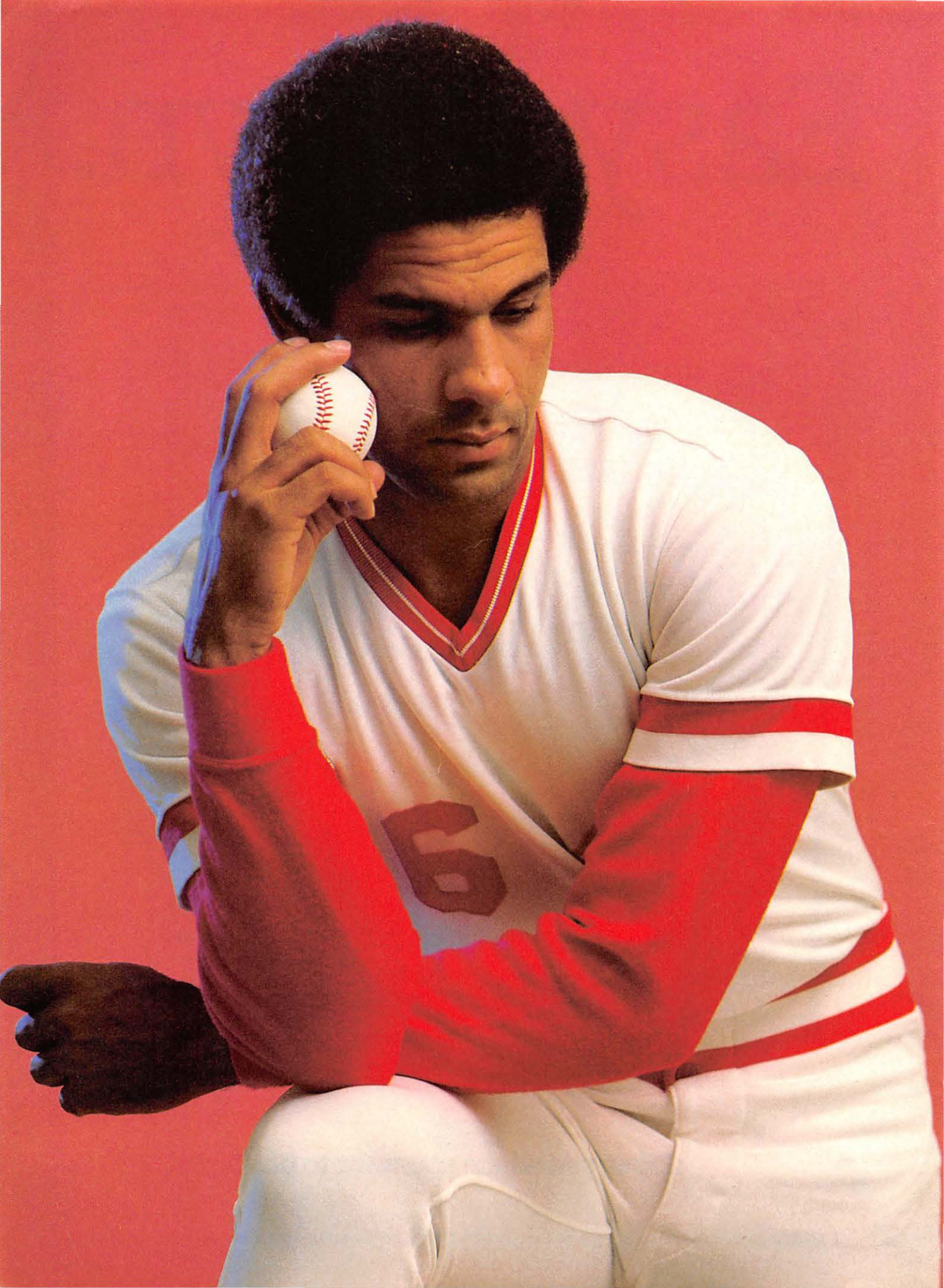
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SOTO

THE YEAR OF LIVING DANGEROUSLY

For Mario Soto, his best season has been the worst of times.

by Jeff Coplon

Three hours before game time in Cincinnati. The man who may be the best pitcher in baseball sits hunched in his locker, wearing a white jersey undershirt and a two-day stubble. Pitchers tend to have relatively normal physiques, and Mario Soto is no exception. From a distance he looks small for a star, smaller than his listed 6 feet and 185 pounds. Only up close do you grasp the illusion, see how the smoothly muscled back and shoulders taper to firm but slender legs. Every part is in rounded proportion, from his perfect oval fingernails to his halo of an Afro. Every movement is easy and assured, almost careless. A natural, after all, doesn't have to flaunt it.

As clubhouse presences go, Soto ranges between low-profile and invisible. Of course, given the Reds' recent slump, no one is making too much noise, not even Dave Parker. The only shouts come from the cardboard signs posted above the lockers by first-year manager Vern Rapp. Happiness Is Winning, declare the bold red letters. Toughness—Teamwork. In Doubt? Slide. And Rapp's favorite, taped under the clock: Good Luck—Preparation Meets Opportunity.

In this season of his greatest success and worst anxiety, Soto has his own slogan. It's printed on the Peanuts coffee mug that sits on his locker shelf. Lucy is screaming at Snoopy, as usual. "I need," she bawls, "a release from my inner tensions!"

This day he is attacking the stack of fan mail beside him on the bench. There are more than a few cards congratulating Soto on his twenty-eighth birthday five days before. He is unmoved. "When I wanted to celebrate, when I was young, we didn't have any money," he says. "Now it's like any other day to me." One card, scrawled in a childish hand, gives him

pause. "No matter what happens you still my favorite," it reads. "Kids like myself look up to you and respect you but your actions and your temper let us...me down." It was signed, "#1 Fan of the Reds, Julie Fetox."

"Her parents wrote that for her," Soto murmurs, shaking his head in bemusement. Soto's voice is wearily lilting, slightly hoarse and surprisingly high-pitched. For one who picked up English in his late teens, the Spanish accent is mild. "I get some nasty letters," Soto says. "They say, 'Take you out of baseball, go to hell.'"

Do they bother him? "People in Cincinnati are just jealous because of all the great players they've had. I happened to get the best contract—and they cannot take that, a guy coming from the Dominican Republic. They cannot *take* that. When you start walking down the street and people don't say anything," he concludes, "*that's* when you have to worry."

No fear of that, at least not this summer, in which Soto became hot national news when he garnered two five-day suspensions within three weeks. The first incident came on May 27 in Chicago, when Soto allegedly bumped an umpire and then set off a brawl after learning he'd been ejected. The second followed on June 16, in Atlanta, when Soto fired a ball point-blank at Claudell Washington, after the latter charged the mound following a brushback pitch. Aside from the enforced layoffs, Soto was fined a total of \$6,050.

Before the Battle of Wrigley Field, Soto had drawn little attention. It wasn't hard to figure. He'd never won 20 games, and many interviewers tend to shy away from Latin players, anyway. And it is, after all, less than glorious to be young and a Cincinnati Red these

days. After a quick start—"Gettin' Back to Fun Again," the team's promotion people promised—the Reds had faded to fifth place in the National League West. All around town, a new bumper sticker was surfacing: Are We Having Fun Yet?

Fun or no, Soto was having the best season of his career. Adding finesse—when to waste a pitch, when to mix in a slider—to his 95 mph fastball and a peerless change of pace that moves in three directions, he was 7-1 with a 2.52 ERA before his second suspension. In his hottest stretch in May, he'd allowed only eight hits over three straight wins. In one outing, Soto struck out 12 batters; in another, he came within one strike of a no-hitter.

"I was pitching great," he says, "and nobody came to talk to me. I been to the All-Star Game three straight years, and nobody talks about that. Then, when this trouble starts, everybody come and talks."

Even the pitcher's biggest boosters conceded he'd gone too far in the Washington affair. But they were also quick to insist that these were isolated coincidences, touched off by the same spark that makes Soto so good at his trade: his raw will to win.

"He's a fine young man just trying to win as many games as he can," says Bob Howsam, the Reds' avuncular president and general manager, who continued to pay Soto during his suspensions. "He has to go about his business the way he has to do it.... Like a lot of boys in the game of baseball, he's got a temper."

"There are two Mario Sotos," adds local journalist Skip Korb. "Away from the ballpark he's a generous, giving, nice young man, always trying to do the right thing. But Mario Soto on the mound owns that piece of turf. A guy does not become the best in the business by being gentle on the mound."

His critics, according to the man himself, "don't know who Mario Soto is. Nobody knows that Mario Soto didn't have a car until 1978. They don't know Mario Soto didn't have a television in his house until 1977. See, they don't know that, so they can't judge me."

On a Thursday, the day before a start, Soto looks tense, his mouth a grim slit. And he brings his ill humor to the batting cage. Most pitchers get an-

noyed when a coach fails to throw in their power zone (which, in all fairness, can approach the size of a baseball card). But at this session Soto is more than annoyed. He is infuriated. After grounding an outside pitch, he begins golfing wildly with his bat, spraying balls at pitching coach Stan Williams.

In Soto's next turn, he misses one completely. He stoops to clutch a ball, then throws it toward the mound. Hard. Williams, one of the mellow men alive, chuckles as he ducks behind his rattling screen. None of the other pitchers seem to notice. Soto curses him bitterly as he stalks out of the cage, muttering, "He didn't throw me a strike all day."

Both Soto and his defenders take great pains to excuse his controversial behavior. There are three basic schools here. The first says outsiders underrate the pressure on a stopper whose team has a weak bull-

only thing I'm worried about."

Then there are the sociologists, who suggest that Soto fits squarely within the Dominican tradition of "demonstrative anger," as one put it, that he's following in the volatile footsteps of Marichal, Cepeda, Cedeno and Andujar: the old Latin stereotype turned alibi.

Whether they come from the Islands or the inner cities, of course, it makes sense that people who start with very little tend to be zealous in keeping what they've gained. "It's the struggle to become something," Korb says. "These guys have nothing to fall back on. The only alternative is the cane fields. Mario remembers, he knows."

After the Atlanta brawl, Soto used a curious analogy to defend his violence against Claudell Washington. "If you sit in your house and somebody attacks you," he said, "what do you do?"



Soto: A constant variable in the Reds' equation.

pen and trifling offense. Before this season Soto's career record stood at 59-51—Bert Blyleven, Nolan Ryan country. "It's hard for a pitcher like Mario," notes Tony Perez, the Reds' respected gray eminence. "You go out there and break your butt and come back not a winner.... He gets frustrated—it's natural." The Phillies' Mike Schmidt notes, "He throws in so many low-scoring games, he needs that little extra competitive edge."

The second school points to Soto's five-year, \$6-million contract signed last fall—the biggest and longest in the Reds' franchise history. "He's a very proud person anyway, and the contract elevated everything in his eyes," says Reds pitcher Joe Price. "He feels even more is expected of him." Soto himself says his first concern is to give back on the field what he's getting at the bank: "As long as I feel that they didn't waste their money, that's the

Mario Soto's first house was scarcely worthy of the name: a tiny, two-room shack out by the steaming fields. No plumbing, no electricity. Soto's father left when he was eight, and his mother scraped by doing laundry for the Dominican marines. "She worked very hard for nothing. She was everything for us."

It was a life of hard lessons. "When I was 10 years old," Soto recalls, "there was a guy who always want to fight me. I was kind of afraid of him. Until one day, I say, 'Wait a minute, I'm going to have to face him.' I fought him... I did well enough to let him know I wasn't scared of him. He was my friend after that."

Mario's brother and sister eventually moved out on their own, but he remained at home. At 15, he quit the school he'd enjoyed to make some money as a mason for a local building contractor. Working six- and seven-day weeks, he learned fast, and lifted his wages from \$1.50 to \$5 a day. Half always went to his mother, the woman he still returns to live with each winter in a house he bought in the capital of Santo Domingo.

As a teenage baseball prospect, Soto wasn't much—a skinny, five-foot-nine converted catcher. "He was a total projection," says George Zuraw, the scout who signed him for \$1,000. "I liked his delivery, his aptitude, his potential to learn other pitches. But he wasn't too impressive physically." But even then,

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What a difference a name makes.

Zuraw adds, "he'd look you right in the eye, stood straight up. He would speak to you with class."

So it was off to Billings and Eugene and, in 1976, to the Class A Tampa Tarpons—the place where "God tapped him on the shoulder," as Zuraw puts it, and Soto suddenly had 90-plus heat. Other minor leaguers, born to the U.S. standard of living, might gripe about the bus rides or the spartan meal allowances. Not Soto. Once he hurdled the language barrier, he gloried in his good fortune. "I was having a great time, I was the happiest guy in the world," Soto says. Best of all, the minors were still an anonymous place, where no one pried or editorialized: "They don't write too much bad stuff on you."

In the late Seventies, Roy Majtyka was the field boss at Indianapolis, then the Reds' Triple-A farm club, where the stakes got higher as players sniffed their chances at the big time. He remembers Soto as "the finest pitcher I've ever managed"—and as just a bit high-strung. "Mario was so intense, because he wanted to win so much, that when something went wrong he might rattle," Majtyka says. "He'd get disenchanted with himself when things didn't go right."

That reputation followed Soto into the majors, even after he'd mastered his changeup in 1980 and proved he belonged. In September 1981, with the Reds still in the chase, the Dodgers' Derrel Thomas bluffed a break from third. Soto stopped in midmotion, threw the ball into the turf and balked the winning run home. He cried after the game.

In June 1982, Soto was sailing with a one-hitter against the Phils when he accidentally hit both Mike Schmidt and Bob Dernier in the arm. Ron Reed plunked Soto in the hip to retaliate. Soto reacted by pulling his bat back as if to throw it at Reed, then dropped it and stalked to the mound. That set off a brawl that led to the ejection of both pitchers, along with shortstop Dave Concepcion. "I was trying to get to Reed," Concepcion explained, "but at first I was more concerned about getting to Mario and getting the bat away from him."

When the Phillies faced Soto again two months later, Dave Bristol, their third-base coach, resorted to some old-fashioned bench-jockeying: "Did you bring your bat to the ballpark today?" Soto proceeded to allow six walks and seven runs before leaving in the fourth. After the game he challenged Bristol, then 49 years old, over the phone. It was

The Reds' Blues Turn to Rose

As bad as Mario Soto's problems were during the 1984 season, the Reds experienced worse during this season of terminal discord. By mid-August, team morale was as low as the Reds' place in the NL West standings, first-year manager Vern Rapp was summarily dismissed and a local demigod was summoned from Montreal to replace him. Can Pete Rose put the bloom back on the Reds?

It all began with the Reds losing—and losing ugly. Heading down the stretch, the Reds were battling the Giants for the worst record in the National League. Even more destructive was the cold war developing between the Reds and Rapp. The problem? Rapp's unorthodox method of deploying his troops. During the Reds' first 100 games in 1984 Rapp used 88 different starting lineups, which often defied traditional baseball (right/left) logic. Nick Esasky, who the Reds say could be another Mike Schmidt, got just 12 at-bats during a one-month stretch.

Rapp exacerbated the situation by refusing to explain himself to his players or the press. "I go by what I want to do on a particular day," he said back in May. In June, both Dan

Driessen and Dave Concepcion, the team captain, asked to be traded (Driessen was dealt to Montreal in July). Other Reds were saying (off the record) that the manager had lost their respect. When the club optioned five players to the minors in July, only catcher Dann Bilardello reported immediately, but not before knocking Rapp to the press.

Meanwhile, the best hitter in the Reds' farm system, Wichita's Alan Knicely, said he didn't want a promotion. Knicely is peeved because he hasn't been allowed to catch, his natural position; Reds catchers haven't hit a combined .240 in three years.

Still, it was the Reds fans, not the players, who cost Rapp his job. Attendance at Riverfront Stadium was not keeping pace with the projected 1.7 million fans necessary for the club to break even in 1984 and, in that respect, the hiring of Rose as player/manager is, as former Reds GM Dick Wagner put it, "a shrewd marketing move."

Ironically, the player that Rose the manager may have the most trouble appeasing is Pete Rose himself. With Esasky at first, Reds management has said that Rose will be strictly a

part-time player. If so, Pete will personally be writing out the lineups that deny him a chance to realize his ultimate goal of surpassing Ty Cobb's career hit record.

Aside from Cobb's record, however, Rose has little to lose. Because of his return the fans are euphoric, the players are reenergized and the front office will diminish their operating deficit. As for the won-loss column—how much worse can it get? —Britt Robson

Rookie skipper Rapp found it lonely at the bottom.



no idle threat. Soto was out in the tunnel, on his way to the visitors' clubhouse, before being restrained by teammate Cesar Cedenio.

There were no such blow-ups in 1983, but Soto simmered nonetheless. The Reds averaged less than two runs in his 13 losses. One after another left him teary-eyed and thick-throated, whispering about his need "to cope." He finished 17-13, but with a 2.70 ERA and a league-leading 18 complete games. On another club he might have won the Cy Young Award. "I just can't make mistakes—any mistakes," he moaned at one point. "I make a mistake, and that's the game."

There were others, however, who implied that Soto bore a portion of the blame for his mediocre record. "He could

be a better pitcher if he kept his concentration when the umps don't call close pitches his way," says Alex Trevino, Soto's "personal" catcher last season and now one of the Atlanta Braves. (The old battery-mates have been feuding since the rhubarb in Atlanta; Soto claims he salvaged Trevino's career, while the catcher scoffs that Soto has "a million-dollar arm and a 10-cent brain.") "That was the reason I caught him—to make him calm down," Trevino goes on. "It never worked. I tried to talk to him in Spanish, but it never helped."

If anything should have helped, it was Soto's long-term contract last fall. Soto would stay in Cincinnati, which he much prefers to the larger, faster towns. He could no longer doubt that he was wanted

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and appreciated. And he need never worry about money again.

Yet at spring training, less than six months after he signed, Soto seemed depressed and anxious, like a fringe player struggling to make the team. "He just seemed down, even for him; he always had the biggest frown on his face," says Greg Hoard, the *Cincinnati Enquirer* beat writer. "I would go up to him and ask him what was wrong, and he'd say 'Nothing,' and brush me off every time."

Two days away from his next start; this time, Soto jokes with the rest of the staff in the batting cage, horsing around like a fraternity brother. He seems well-liked—the first among equals, perhaps, but very much a regular guy. He saves a special needle for Jeff Russell, with whom he'd bet \$100 on who would get more hits this season. "You better pay me now," says Soto, who is leading, 11-6. Then he steps into the box to slap a line drive down the first base line. "Ooh, perfect, sweet!" he coos, in that high voice that now serves him in comedy.

In the clubhouse he looked older than his years, what with the deep furrows in his forehead and the gray hairs that first sprouted when he was only 14. But outside, under the summer sun, he seems positively boyish. He wears his true smile, the small mischievous one—not the big one full of clenched teeth that he trots out for the media guide and visiting photographers.

But his mood swings abruptly when he spots Lonnie Wheeler, a local reporter and columnist, in the visitors' dugout. Wheeler had covered the Atlanta incident. He wrote the game story and followed it with a chronology of Soto's confrontation with Washington—strictly factual accounts that acknowledged that Soto's brushback was a legitimate pitch. Wheeler had previously written two favorable columns about the pitcher. But none of that mattered at the moment.

"Hey," Soto says loudly, "I sent Wheeler a message last week. I told him, 'I did it to your wife the last two nights and I did it to her so good that she'll never want you again.'" This gets predictable titters around the batting cage.

"Hey, Wheeler!" The writer emerges from the dugout. "Did you get my message?" Soto taunts. "Did you like it?"

"No, but I'd like to know why you felt you had to send it," Wheeler says.

"Did you talk to me before writing that story?" Soto is standing close now, his voice hard.

"Yes, I talked to you in the clubhouse."

"You're a damn liar," Soto says. "Do you know about my background?" Wheeler admits he doesn't know it all. "Before I sign as a baseball player, I work my ass for \$1.50 a day. Now I'm doing my job, and you stop writing that crap about me. You make me look like an asshole."

Wheeler asks what specifics in the story were objectionable.

"The whole thing," Soto replies. At this point the dialogue stalls, but the pitcher isn't through. "When you going to stop writing these stories, when somebody breaks your neck?" There is no physical menace to accompany these words. The voice stays low and modulated. But to be sure he wasn't misunderstood, Soto repeats himself. "When you going to stop writing these stories?" says the ace of the Cincinnati Reds. "When somebody breaks your neck?"

Back to the videotapes. While the incidents in Chicago and Atlanta were each bizarre and unique, they bear a few telling similarities. For one, each was triggered by a home run—in Chicago by a Ron Cey foul ball that was temporarily called a homer, in Atlanta by the fourth home run struck by Claudell Washington off Soto this year.

Like many power pitchers with unusual control, Soto gives up a lot of home runs. Last season, he allowed 28, most in the league. But that doesn't mean he has to like it. He considers each one a slight, an insult to his prowess. "I'm the only one they hit these home runs against," he griped last fall. "I don't think my fastball is that bad. Other guys throw 85 miles an hour, and they don't give up home runs like I do." His phobia surely worsened on May 12 against the Cardinals, when he came within one strike of his first no-hitter. Until, that is, George Hendrick dug in and hit a fastball about nine miles.

"After somebody takes him deep, he looks like he's just been violated," says Korb. "It's like stealing from him, dipping your hand into his pocket when you hit him, and that's what makes him great."

But it also leads to his positively nuclear bouts of temper. When he learned he'd been ejected and charged umpire Steve Rippley in Chicago, he was barely intercepted by catcher Brad Gulden. "If he had hit the umpire the way he was coming, he probably wouldn't have played another game in his life," Gulden said after the fracas. "He might

have killed him the way he was coming."

In both incidents, Soto's rage kept building even after he'd been physically restrained, and long after the initial provocation had passed. And both times his instinct was to use the most dangerous weapon at hand. After his ejection in Chicago, a vendor threw a bag of ice that hit him in the chest. Soto reacted by grabbing a bat out of the rack and lunging to get over the dugout and into the stands.

No one has blamed him for punching Washington on the mound. That was clearly self-defense. But it was only after Washington had been tackled by Dann Bilardello and rendered essentially harmless that Soto reared back and threw the ball in the vicinity of the Brave's head—his best heater, from 10 feet. Fortunately, Soto was wild high, and wound up only bruising Braves coach Joe Pignatano in the shin.

After the Atlanta game, Cesar Cenedo said it publicly: that these were not mere aberrations, that Soto had a problem. "I've told Mario many times that he has to learn to control his temper," Cenedo said. "I've told him some day it may really get him in trouble. But that's something he has to decide on his own. There's nothing that anybody else can do about that. I know. I used to be just as explosive as Mario is."

Cenedo changed his own troubled life last winter by entering a seven-week stress management program in California. But he was the only one to speak out. The other men in Soto's life closed ranks, protecting both a friend and the franchise he carried. It wasn't so hard to do. He was such a nice guy, so affable and unspoiled. Unlike Cenedo, his baseball problems never seemed to intrude on his life off the field. And, after all, no one had really been hurt.

"I'm well-known in this field for getting help for players who need help," says Tom Reich, who represents both Soto and Cenedo, and who personally escorted Cenedo to his clinic last year. "If I thought Soto needed that kind of support I would discuss it with him.... I do not think Mario needs any help."

Blue Ash is a well-wooded suburb 20 minutes north of Riverfront Stadium. Soto lives on a cul-de-sac in a development called The Glen, around the bend from a golf course. It's a brand-new place, fresh from the catalogue; two neighboring houses are still under construction. It's also a very quiet place. The only sign of life is an older man putter-

ing around in shorts. The only sound is the soft chug of a lawn sprinkler.

Like the rest, Soto's home is built with knotty wood, stained a Cape Cod gray. His Mercedes, a 380 SEL, is stashed in the shuttered garage. He bought the house post-contract, after years of renting. It's well-appointed but hardly opulent: three bedrooms, a sunken living room with fireplace. Aside from an Oriental rug to grace the small dining area, the colors run to cool neutrals. There are no plaques, no trophy cases, no visible sign that the man of the house isn't another insurance guy or machine tool executive.

On this Saturday morning, Soto is lounging in a leather-grained dining chair, waiting to hear from Cenedo about a family outing. He's dressed in designer jeans, a striped sport shirt and beige leather running shoes—a casual man not oblivious to style. The only flash comes from jewelry he never takes to Riverfront: a gold bracelet with diamonds that spell his first name on his right wrist, a matching ring on his left hand.

Inevitably, the interview turns to the recent controversies. Soto doesn't see much point in giving his side any more. "You talk and talk and talk, you can talk for a week and you open up the paper and you see the same thing." But he decides to oblige, anyway.

In Chicago, he'd felt the umpires ejected him only to mollify the Cubs and resume the disrupted game. He claims he'd never bumped Rippley, contrary to what the films suggest, and that he'd never meant any harm when he later ran out of the dugout. "I was going out to ask him [Rippley] why he took me out of the game. I wasn't going to hit him." That particular crew, Soto charges, had it in for him. "They always do that, they look for several guys. It's not just me.... They try to take it out on some people."

And the thrown ball in Atlanta, how does he explain that? "What did he [Washington] do? He threw the bat at me." (In fact, Washington had flipped his bat between first and second base, as an obvious pretext to walk toward Soto on the mound.)

"I don't know what I do wrong," Soto says. "If somebody try to hit me and come to me, I'll defend myself... I won't run away from *nobody*. I don't care what they say—I face my problems." The mouth is set again in its hard, thin line.

"I believe you have to be a man, you have to face anything that comes to you. If you have family and someone attacks

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you and you run away, how you gonna explain that to your family?"

But what if the ball had hit Washington in the head? Wasn't he concerned about the chance of serious injury? "I wish I *would* have hit him," Soto says. And if a similar situation arises later this year, if someone else tries to provoke him? "If he comes to the mound, he will find me there."

He looks down at his gold watch. "Jacqui! Jacqueline!" he calls. It had taken the better part of a week for Soto even to admit he'd been married last spring. To say he is a private man is not to do him justice; he guards his privacy like a

Distress: Occupational hazard?



one-run lead in the eighth. All he will say about his wife is that she doesn't work ("I make enough money to take care of my family") and rarely comes out to the ballpark ("It's better that way—my business stays my business"). Needless to say, the mysterious Jacqui would make no appearance before this visitor. "Don't even say I'm married," Soto first entreats. Yet in almost the same breath, he says that his wife is pregnant and that he has a six-year-old child by another woman who lives in Florida.

After these confidences, the conversation returns to a more comfortable area. Would he like to see his talents get as much attention as his temper, does he miss the national recognition of a Fernando Valenzuela? "I never listen to all that stuff," says Mario Soto, the man who

Stress Managers: A Coach With a Couch

One man who feels a special empathy for Mario Soto is teammate Cesar Cedeño, who, by his own admission, was a walking time bomb until he sought and received help after the 1983 season.

As his batting average plummeted, his shoulder ached and his manager publicly criticized his play, Cedeño withdrew into himself during the last campaign. Finally he exploded, refusing to fly back from Chicago with the Reds because he wasn't given a first-class ticket. The incident only confirmed Cedeño's reputation as a head case; previously he had been involved in a fatal shooting incident in Central America, and once had charged into the stands after a fan in Atlanta.

When the season was over, Cedeño's agent, Tom Reich, put it to him bluntly: "C.C., you have a problem that is hurting you, your career and your home life." In January, Cedeño checked himself into the California Institute for Behavioral Medicine and underwent a seven-week stress management program. "Two or three days after I was there, I would be talking to someone on the phone and they would say I sounded different. I realized that I felt different about myself, too," he says.

Although programs to combat drug and alcohol abuse among athletes have become commonplace, ways of coping with the subtler but more widespread reactions to sports-related stress have only recently been emphasized. At the California Institute where Cedeño was treated, Dr. Howard Rubin and his staff put together an individualized program that involved nutrition, biofeedback,

physical exercise and "the usual talking kinds of therapy."

"Hypnosis is another effective stress tool because it is quick and doesn't have any side effects," says Harvey Misel, a St. Paul hypnotist who works for both the White Sox and the Cubs. "Most athletes are willing to try it as long as there is no publicity."

Though many clubs don't publicize their stress management programs, Dr. Rubin knows of at least six teams with psychologists on their payrolls. One such club is the San Francisco Giants, which sent team psychologist Joel Kirsch on a few road trips last year. "With all the expectations put on players, it is important that they have an avenue to relieve their frustrations and anxieties," believes Giants GM Tom Haller.

According to Rubin, baseball players are especially vulnerable "because of their schedule. Imagine yourself working 19 straight days, taking a day off, then going out and doing it again. To keep yourself emotionally fit is a full-time job in itself, not to mention the physical aspect."

"It's tough being a ballplayer," echoes Frank Robinson, the manager Haller fired this August. "The guy in the stands thinks you're overpaid and he isn't taking excuses. He sees you as an athlete, not as a human being. The psychologist isn't saying, 'You have to do this or do that.' He is there as a friend, not as an authority. Before too long, every club in baseball will have a psychologist."

In Cedeño's case, at least, these new forms of treatment have produced dramatic results. Despite a .375 average through May, Cedeño has ridden the bench for most of the year, while fans on the road taunt him about his past. Through it all, C.C. has restrained himself admirably. Without the stress program, "I would have blown up by now," he acknowledges. "I'm afraid to think about what might have happened." —Britt Robson

could be the best pitcher in baseball. "I go out and give it hell. For the last four years, I think I been pitching real good. That's the only thing that matters to me."

And what has this season meant to him?

"What I've learned," Soto says, "is you cannot trust anybody. Here's a guy [Washington] who hits me like crazy, I always talk to him and was nice to him, and I throw one pitch inside and he throw the bat at me and got into a fight. And then there's a guy [Trevino], I save his career, and he say all this stuff in the paper.... So you can tell from there do I trust anybody?"

Finally, the hard question: Does Soto need help in controlling his temper? Should he follow Cedeño's example? Now Soto is angry, less at the question

than at all the betrayals and the critics and the flatterers, all the people whom he'd trusted and who had let him down.

"When I was growing up, that's when I really needed help, and nobody helped me. When my mother barely made enough money for us to get something to eat, nobody come up to me and say, 'What's your problem?' Nobody say I have a temper. Now everybody say I have a temper. They don't know nothing about me. I don't need their help."

"I'm content to be the way I am. Never before have I been happy like this. I've got everything I want. What else do I need?" ★

Jeff Coplon is a freelance writer living in New York. This is his first story for SPORT.

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by Charley Rosen

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November 16

Inside a room filled with creaking institutional folding chairs just off

the lobby of Albany's Best Western Motel, 25 aspiring Patroons convene for the first time. Only 3 players return from last season: 6-9, 225-pound Ralph McPherson, a wry Texan with a desperado moustache. Frankie J. Sanders is an irrepressible 6-6 guard, the San Antonio Spurs' No. 1 draft in 1979 who lasted in the NBA for 85 ballgames. The J. stands for "Jump-shot." Derrick Rowland is a 6-6 forward with an easy smile. Last season, Derrick received \$25 per week as the Patroons' "practice

Author Charley Rosen, the assistant coach of the Albany Patroons (seated right, above), has written several books on basketball.

player," and his primary employer was Burger King.

Other names and faces are vaguely familiar: Jim Braddock, point guard for UNC's last national champions. Dave Magley's credentials include 56 precious minutes with the Cleveland Cavaliers. Magley is 6-7 and trim—but with his angular chin and his rimless scorekeeper's spectacles, he hardly resembles a player. Maurice (Mo) McDaniel says he played for Catawba College in Salisbury, North Carolina; Penny Elliot stammers that he's from George Washington U. and swears his real name is "Penny." Most of the other hopefuls are still names on a list: Yarharbrough Roberts. York Gross. Evans Ford.

Mike Sandman is the Pats' director of player personnel, an ex-collegian hooper himself, now grayed and paunching. "Welcome to Albany," says Mr. Sandman. "It gets very cold here in the winter. You'll need heavy boots and a heavy coat. Learn to dress in layers." Sandman goes on to caution the players about mishandling the local groupies. Then he reminds them of Albany's contractual obligations: free beds at the motel. No salaries during the training camp. Only five dollars per diem for meals. In the back of the room, 6-7 Evans Ford from Brooklyn sits and takes notes.

The room's most commanding presence belongs to coach Phil Jackson. *Coming in for the Knicks, replacing Bill Bradley: Number 18, Action Jackson!* Jackson shows the same long-jointed arms and rigid shoulders, the same friendly beard, his eagle-colored eyes still gleaming. After introducing me as his assistant, Phil talks about role players and "court awareness." "Workouts at eleven and six," he concludes, "so get plenty of sleep."

Before an NBA season, there are innumerable rookie camps, rookie leagues and free agent tryouts—then the "official" NBA training camps last through 30 days and 10 exhibition games. For us, the season opens in just 14 days.

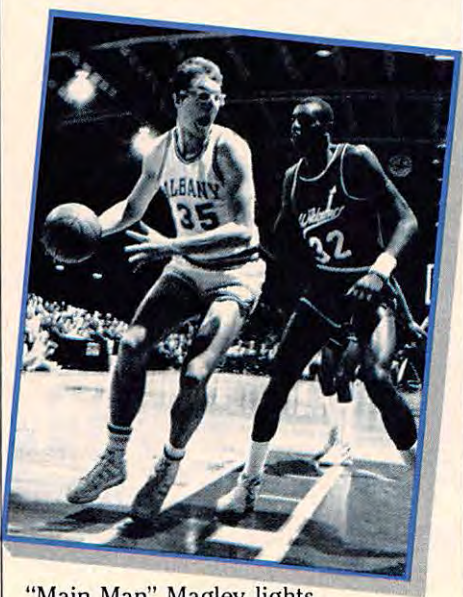
November 17-20

The Patroons' home base is the Washington Avenue Armory—with massive medieval walls and rookish towers set on a ridge overlooking the capitol building. The U.S. Army stores live ammunition in the armory's basement behind a well-guarded door marked Off Limits. Once the season starts, the arsenal doubles as a dressing room for the refs.

Across the hallway, the Patroons' locker-room is slung with low-hanging pipes,

perfect support for hangers and umbrellas. In lieu of carpeting, the bare concrete floor is covered with a white sheet. The only showers are reached down the hall and through the public men's room.

Upstairs, a six-lane track encircles the portable grandstands—enough for 3,000 SRO. The court itself cost \$50,000, handsomely inlaid with oaken strips, the Patroons' wooden shoe logo (Dutch colonial landowners were the original patroons) emblazoned at center court. Too bad the Pentagon orders the floor cleaned with an inappropriate chemical, so the footing is always treacherous. The near basket is also one inch too low, the other an inch too high. And every time the heating system is activated, the



"Main Man" Magley lights up the Armory's 2,000 faithful.

government bills the Patroons \$700. Accordingly, the practice air is frosty and the players must shoot with cold hands.

Yet consider that the Puerto Rico Coquis' training camp is being held in New York City with 60 players battling three times a day. Consider that other CBA teams charge training camp players two dollars to get their ankles taped. No wonder the Pats are considered one of the CBA's class operations.

The Armory is much colder in the mornings, so the players run and stretch before I take the big men and Phil works the guards and small forwards. The evening workouts are a comprehensive review followed by a 60-75 minute scrimmage.

Magley's game face includes his unlikely spectacles, but he is indeed a player—stabbing the net with tight-wristed jumpers, and running wild on the break

like a dunkomaniac. Frankie Sanders can always create space for his J and McPherson is rawhide tough. Too bad all the point guards are inadequate. Soft-spoken Andre Gaddy may be an excellent shooter, but he is easily bewildered on defense. Seven-foot former Globetrotter Dedrick Reffigee is short-winded and blubbery.

Phil likes Troy Mikell, a 6-3 power guard who battles the big men in the shadow of the hoop. Right before the first cut, Mikell goes down with a torn Achilles' tendon. *How else can you learn the heart of a ballplayer except to watch him play? Then your lives touch—and the bond is severed in a flash of pain.*

First Cuts: Ford, Carter, Tallman, Harris and Washington.

"Thanks for the chance," says Tallman.

"You're making a mistake," says Ford.

"I'm your best rebounder."

An hour later, Harris calls to ask if Phil has changed his mind.

November 21-23

Transactions: John Schweitz, purchased from Bay State, a 6-6 shooting guard with three-point range who last season averaged 20.5 ppg for the defunct Maine Lumberjacks. In October 1982 and again in 1983, Schweitz was the last player cut by the Boston Celtics. Albany's exchange is \$6,000, the maximum sum allowable in such cases. Then Schweitz arrives with a swollen ankle—and his entire season is agonized by injuries.

Lowes Moore, obtained from Wyoming for the CBA rights to Larry Spriggs. Should Spriggs last with the Los Angeles Lakers through December 15, Wyoming will take its pick of six Patroons left unprotected. Moore is a reliable point guard with NBA experience.

David Williams, 6-1 guard, is signed as a free agent. The younger brother of Ray and Gus is NBA quick, but wild as a schoolboy.

Bernard Randolph is dealt to Bay State. In the CBA, home teams assume the motel fee for the visitors—about \$300 a night. The Pats' first exhibition game is at home versus Bay State—and under the terms of the trade, the Bombardiers will now drive 250 miles immediately before and after said ballgame.

During an evening session, Reffigee loses his desire and his lunch.

Cuts: Braddock, Reffigee.

November 24

Thanksgiving: Ten years ago, Phil and I collaborated on his autobiography, *Maverick—More Than a Game*. We've



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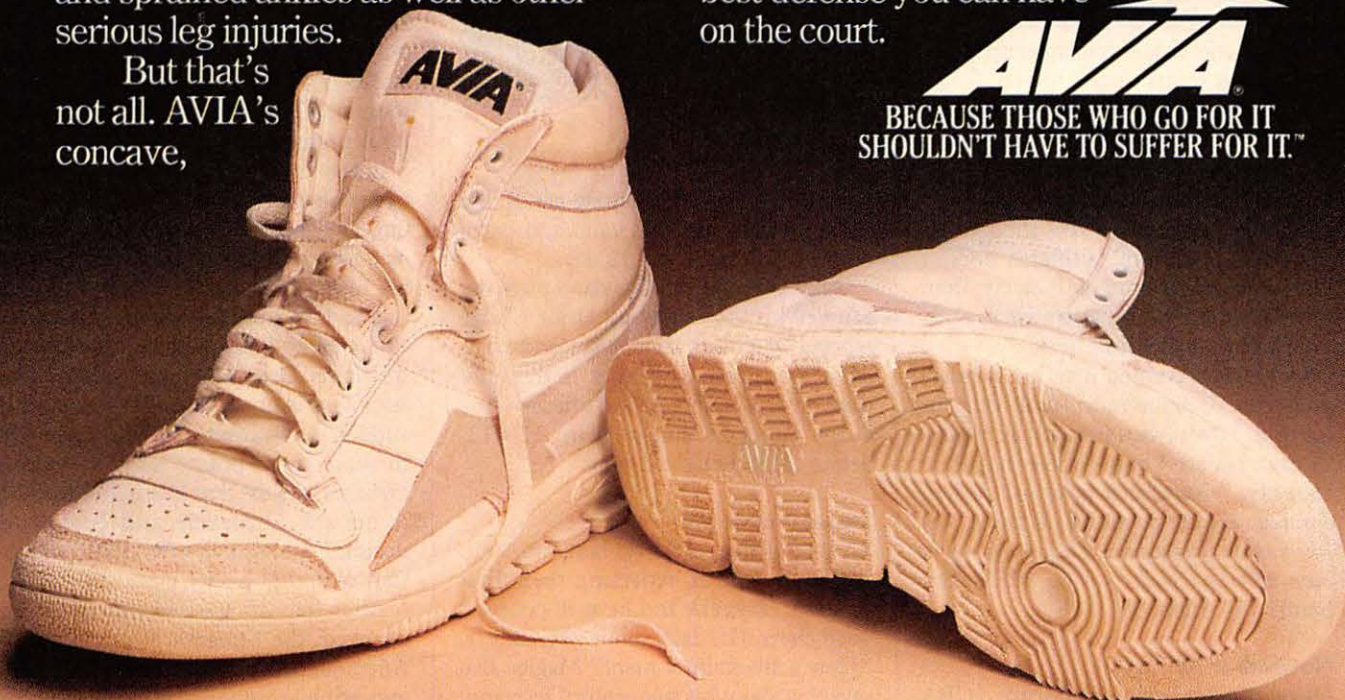
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been fast friends ever since. After an early practice, home to Woodstock for a joyous feast with the Jacksons.

November 25-28

The baskets are fixed for our first preseason game, and we beat weary Bay State by 112-110. In the CBA, teams earn one point in the standings for winning a quarter and three points for winning the game. It's a good game structure for young players, maintaining their concentration in blowouts and producing four endgames in every contest. PROgressive. Tonight our point split is 5 to 2 (5,2).

Schweitz starts and Sanders comes off the bench scowling. And the lead-footed play of Gaddy has Phil worried.

Drive to Brockton, Massachusetts, and lose 111-104 in our last exhibition game. The Bombardiers' coach is Johnny Neumann, a 6-6 bleary-faced shooter who once scored 40.1 ppg at Ole Miss. After his junior year, Neumann jumped to the ABA, where he spent his money too quickly. Neumann bounced from Utah to Memphis to Germany to the Lakers. Affectionately known as "Newbaby." He is a fiery presence on the sideline, screaming at his players' mistakes, riding the refs with a hoarse yell that pierces through any cheering throng.

After the game, Neumann recognizes my name. "I read that book you wrote with Phil," he tells me. "It was called *Maniac*."

November 29

Drive back to Albany through freezing rain. Then mine is the voice of doom: "Hello, York? Could you come up to our room? Phil wants to talk to you."

Last Cuts: Gross, Tyson, Yar Roberts, Fred Daniels, Dave Williams.

"Why me?" asks Gross. After 30 minutes, he remains unconvinced.

Williams is stunned. He thought he played so well. But Williams doesn't know that Mark Jones will be cut from the New Jersey Nets just as soon as Footsie Walker's hamstring heals.

In a ragged evening practice, Sanders points the Green team and looks only for his own. "I've always started," he moans. "I can't believe I'm not good enough to start here." *Emphasize what you do best, Frankie. Instant points off the bench, just like Junior Bridgeman. The change might even help you back into the NBA.* But Sanders is adamant.

November 30

Once the season is underway, CBA

players earn weekly wages of \$350-\$450. Today, Frankie J doesn't show for practice and \$50 will be deducted from his first paycheck. "With the Knicks," Phil tells the team, "we used the fine money for a team party at the end of the season. It's up to you."

December 1

Cazzie Russell brings his Lancaster Lightning into Albany. Lancaster's roster includes the "two newcomers" mandated by CBA statute, as well as five holdovers, the league's most veteran team. In private, Phil always refers to Cazzie as either "The Snazz" or "Snazzola."

In Phil's lockerroom talk, he scouts the Lightning and runs through the Pats'



Frankie J. Sanders:
"The J. is for Jumpshot."

repertoire. Then after joining hands, the players bound up the stairs and we're off—44 ballgames in 102 days.

Gametime: Derrick Rowland plays the game of his life—shooting 11 for 12 and scoring 31 points from pivot and post. All season long, Lancaster is the only team to stall our 1-4 flex offense—but Ralph tallies 26 and we win, 121-113, before 2,155 delighted fans.

December 2

Noon practice, a short, hard workout. Magley's wife is expecting their first child in 12 weeks and he is of constant good cheer. His daily salute to Gaddy is, "Here's my mainest man!" Magley also says this about his sojourn in Cleveland:

"I could have stayed longer but they wanted me to do something immoral. Put me on the disabled list when I wasn't even hurt. Maybe I suffered at the time, but I'm sure I'll receive a blessing somewhere down the road."

December 3

Bay State invades the Armory. The Pats win the first three quarters, then dissipate a 13-point lead in the fourth Q—an ominous sign of things to come. "Run the play!" Neumann bellows. "Run it exactly the way I drew it!"

There's bad blood between Schweitz and his former mentor (last year the Bombardiers were the Lumberjacks, and Neumann the rookie coach). "Trap him!" Neumann yells whenever Schweitz dribbles the ball. And whomever Schweitz defends, Neumann calls, "Four Down" to isolate John one-on-one. "Take him!"

When Charlie Jones reams an errant Bay State shot, the Bombardiers lead 104-103 with four ticks left in the ballgame. After a timeout, we run the "3 Play" to perfection—small forward David Little executes a nifty inbounds pass to McPherson, who spins and buries an 18-footer at the buzzer.

December 4-14

By CBA decree, assistant coaches are allowed on the bench only during home games and "ground travel" road games—to prevent the wealthier teams from having an advantage. So, on the first leg of the first road trip, Phil drives the van solo through a six-hour snow storm. Then at Lancaster, the Pats lead by 13 at the half only to lose 97-95 (5,2) as McPherson misses a last second shot. Early next morning, Phil drives the van to Baltimore for a flight connection to Sarasota.

In the first game, Gaddy accumulates two shots and two rebounds in 22 minutes and the Pats are trounced. Albany recoups on Wednesday as Magley gives his finest performance.

The third game is a dog fight that turns up tied after four quarters. One of commissioner Drucker's more contrived innovations is brand new this season—the sudden death overtime. The first team to score three points wins the game. Drucker says the fans love it, but the idea is absurd to players and coaches—deciding 48 minutes of honest competition with a publicity gimmick.

After free throws and elbows are exchanged, the Stingers' 6-2 guard Billy Allen suddenly zooms out of the pack and dribbles unimpeded downcourt for



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a layup. The Stingers are confused, the fans have no idea and the refs deliberate with Drucker. But Phil always knows the score—amid the turmoil, he grabs his clipboard and angrily stalks across the court headed for the lockerroom.

On to Puerto Rico where the Pats split two games and 14 available quarter-points. "Wait till you see Geff Crompton," Phil says when he returns. "He goes 6-11 and at least 325 pounds."

December 15-21

The Toronto Tornados blow into town, perhaps the most talented club in the Eastern division, but a wild and selfish crew. The visitors' lockerroom door is ajar as coach Gerald Oliver delivers his pre-game message. Even as Oliver talks, one of his players wears a Walkman and nods in time to a headful of music.

And Frankie J has his way at last. He starts the game to great applause, scoring 31 points in 36 minutes. Albany wins, 133-124 (6,1). We've been in first place from the start, but all season long, the Pats have a bad case of "The CBA Blues"—winners at home, patsies on the road.

December 22-23

Larry Spriggs is retained by L.A. and Wyoming chooses Dave Little.

Brockton High School looks like it was battered by an army of delinquents—broken lockers, splintered windows and fractured plumbing. The visitors dress in the wrestling team's lockerroom, where encouraging posters and sayings abound. The largest sign is white with red letters—"To be a superior athlete, you must crush your opponent and humiliate him when he's down." Without a word, Phil tears the offensive advice from the wall and tosses the pieces into a trash can.

Gametime: Bay State wins, 133-124, as Joe Dawson gets 36. Frankie J tallies 30, but throws the ball away at a crucial turning. "That sonofabitch!" Frankie growls whenever he's removed from the action. "He's messing with my game!"

December 25-29

Christmas on the road. The Pats get \$15 a day meal money—and Ralph has lost 15 pounds.

Lancaster's Linton Townes has been summoned by San Diego and we ground the Lightning in the Armory. Mark Jones debuts with 13 points and 3 assists. When Frankie is taken out with 2:50 left, he storms to the lockerroom. Mike Sandman wants to trade him immediately, but Phil counsels patience.

December 30

The citizens of Albany are greatly taken with Phil. "Mr. Jackson? Could I please have your autograph?"

"Come down to the warehouse and I'll give you some pastramis for the holidays."

"Say, Phil? What was Clyde *really* like?"

Derrick's groin pull is tender so I am allowed to scrimmage in his place. Imagine my delight when Magley says I set the mightiest pick in the league.

December 31

A day off, but Phil and I do a Nautilus workout, then play one-on-one full-court at the Kingston YMCA. And lo! I win a game by the score of 11-9, thereby raising my lifetime mark against Phil to 1-48.

Then it's Auld Lang Syne and The CBA Blues. Will Gaddy wake up? What will become of us in the playoffs?

January 2-3

Phil and Frankie confer after a practice session, still contending on a friendly level. "I want you here," says Phil, "because I respect the possibilities of your game."

January 4-8

The Pats play an inspired game to win at Brockton. "Schweitz can't dribble under pressure!" Neumann screams. "Trap him!"

"Hey, Newbaby!" Phil shouts. "You say whatever you want about your own guys but leave mine alone!"

Afterwards, Neumann apologizes to both Phil and John. To heal the breach, Neumann confides that one of his players was caught stealing money from his teammates' hotel rooms.

January 9-14

Since our last encounter three weeks ago, Sarasota's coach, Bill Musselman, has signed five new ballplayers. Phil advocates the team game, while Musselman's philosophy is to ride his best horses to death, then get some new ones. So Mike Wilson, Kevin Loder and Willie Smith each play the full 48 minutes and total 97 points—but the Patroons win at home, 126-116 (5,2).

Lowes Moore is a profoundly spiritual man, good-natured, lively, forever reading the Bible. Magley and McPherson likewise praise the Lord. Before every home game, Dale Walker, the team chaplain, conducts chapel for both teams. Frankie J always goes, saying, "I need all the help

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I can get." After a while, even the cynical Schweitz attends. "Blessed art thou, for the kingdom of God is within thee."

January 15-24

John Schweitz talks about his jump shot like it was part of his body: "It feels good today, Charley. I'm gonna stick it in Newbaby's face."

The players are increasingly irritated with one another. "Hey, judge!" Mo says to everybody. "What's happenin', judge?" In practice, Mo and Ralph lock elbows and exchange maladictions. Every Sunday, Phil leads us in The Lord's Prayer.

January 25-27

The NBA is responsible for the CBA's officiating and several refs work ball-

February 2

Louisville offers Al Smith for Frankie J. Smitty is a wiry 6-6 and all-around nice guy, the CBA's finest shooting guard. Phil decides to stick with Frankie.

February 3

Only seven players at practice—Mo and Mark are sick, Andre has jammed a finger, Lowes just received word that his grandfather had a stroke and is off to South Carolina. Schweitz doesn't show and is fined \$50. "I just got angry about being cut by the Celtics," John says later. "Shoot! Auerbach told me that I made the bleeping team! If I came, I'd only have gotten into a fight with somebody." Rudy Macklin calls to say he's not interested in Louisville. "Come play for us,"



Phil and Charley consider whether to laugh or cry.

games in both leagues—two middle-aged men making 200 calls and 800 noncalls on the run. In the CBA we see a righteous referee only once or twice each week.

Another tough contest against Bay State in the Armory. "Three!" I yell at the refs. "Three! Dawson's still in there!"

"If I hear you say 'Three' once more," says the ref, "no matter how long he stays in there I'm not calling it."

Albany wins and Frankie rushes over to the Bombardiers' bench. "Get me out of here," he says to Neumann. "Make a trade. Me for Perry Moss. Go ask Phil."

January 28-February 1

The CBA Blues...play it again and again.

The Louisville Catbirds call—Rudy Macklin was cut by the Knicks and is Albany's territorial property. Since Macklin hails from Louisville, what do we want for his rights?

says Phil.

Bulletin: Citing health problems, John Neumann resigned today as coach and GM of the Bay State Bombardiers. The newspapers say "ulcer"—the grapevine reports that "Newb" had an argument with owner John Ligums.

February 4-8

Our final journey to Toronto. As a special favor, Phil the pathfinder lets me drive the van from Rochester to the hotel. The traffic lines whining beneath me. The buffeting wind and a passing snowstorm near Niagara Falls. The players asleep in cramped and gangling positions. Even Phil nods over his crossword puzzle. And Schweitz whispers in my ear, "It's an automatic fine if you go slower than 70."

The Tornados' owner is the same Ted Stepien who was bounced from the NBA for atrocitizing the Cleveland Cavaliers. Stepien now hopes to create sufficient in-

terest and entice the NBA into Toronto. The building is called Varsity Arena and there's ice three-quarters of an inch below the foul lines. The Pats split two games and 14 points. In both contests, Andre lingers too long in the lane, either misdribbling or committing the most offensive of fouls. "Damn it, Andre!" Phil scolds during a timeout. "Hang on to the ball!" Afterwards, Andre says that Phil is picking on him. *But Andre, you're the center. Everything revolves around you. All your mistakes are magnified. Just stay with it, Andre. Don't stop believing in yourself.*

February 9

There's been no word from Lowes—not even his agent knows his whereabouts.

Gametime: A disastrous ballgame for the Pats. When Carl Nicks stuffs, Toronto leads 34-33 on the second Q scoreboard with only 20 seconds left until halftime. Phil stands to touch his hands above his head and shout, "Time!" Oblivious, Mo takes the ball from the ref and looks to inbound. "Time!" Phil shrieks. "Maurice! Timeout!" But Toronto springs a press and Mo's errant pass becomes a dunker for Bobby Cattage. At halftime, Phil is hot and bothered in the lockerroom. "You guys are supposed to be bleeping professionals! You're supposed to be aware of the bleeping game situation! I'm six-eight and waving my bleeping arms like crazy! Dammit! Get your head out of your ass!" Mo defends himself with shrugs and mumbles. "I know you all want to be in the NBA," Phil says, "but right here is where we are! Dammit! You've got to play hard all the time!" During his tirade, the coach even slams his clipboard to the floor.

Phil's face is still flushed as we cool off in the hallway. Although he hates to smoke, Phil ignites a quick cigarette. Then loosening his necktie, he says, "Do you think they believed me?"

February 10-11

Rudy Macklin arrives. A handsome, 6-7 forward, he always dresses with style—"Got to look good, Charley"—wearing his glamorous N.Y. Knicks sweats to practice. Rudy can reach back and plunk a crooked jumper, the ugliest shot in the CBA, but on defense, he relies too much on hand jive. He looks three weeks out of shape and we wonder if has come to play.

Lowes' grandfather has died in the bosom of his family. Lowes returns and plays poorly. But Ralph raises the team around him and the Pats capture five points from Sarasota.

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February 12-14

Bombardier Charlie Jones has been signed by the Philadelphia 76ers—and an erstwhile assistant coach, trainer and designated van driver named Jim Sleeper has replaced Neumann. It's a perfect chance for the Pats to win on the road, but the Bombardiers are still too ferocious, winning by 142-115 (7,0).

February 15

The Patroons first became an entity last season as the only community-owned franchise in the CBA. According to its charter, any profits accruing to the ballclub will provide scholarships for worthy students. The team's original coach was Dean Meminger, who knew in his secret heart that he was still good enough to play. The Pats were irrevocably mired in last place when Phil succeeded his one-time teammate just about a year ago.

For the area journalists, the current team is also moribund. For our loyal fans, though, the season has already been successful beyond imagining. And for Jim Coyne, the Albany county executive who first envisioned the Patroons and convinced the local businessmen, dreams are the beginning of reality. "What's going on here?" Coyne asks at practice today. "Can we trust these guys?"

"I think so," Phil says. "We'll find out something tomorrow night."

February 16-17

The Pats at home against the red-hot Coquis with the winning team to hold first place. Gametime: Rudy, Mo, Mark and Derrick are ineffective. But Gaddy gets rough-and-tumble, limiting Geff Crompton to 4-15. Then Lowes suddenly assumes command in the fourth Q, hitting a crucial three-point bomb—and Albany wins, 118-113 (5,2).

Bulletin: John Neumann returned today to coach the Bay State Bombardiers. "It was a bad reaction to some ulcer medication," he explained.

February 18-22

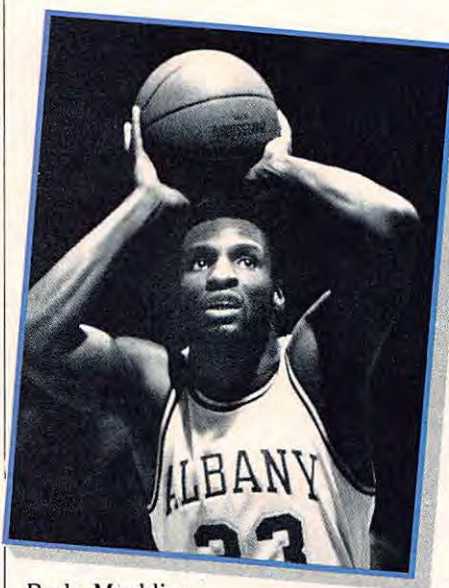
I can understand why Ralph McPherson is always overlooked in NBA training camps. He's 15 pounds too light and his sneakers are a touch too heavy. But to appreciate fully Ralph's talents, watch how many important plays he makes over the course of a season—the necessary rebounds, the double-clutch free throws or a basket at the right time. A mature ballplayer, McPherson is the only Patroon invited to Casper, Wyoming, to participate in the CBA's All-Star Game.

With spirits low, the rest of us practice in Albany. "I've heard rumors of drug use," Phil tells the team. "This is what Cazzie always says to his players. 'If you're caught doing drugs, you're gone.' But I don't want to talk about drugs."

February 23-25

Magley returns from two weeks on the injured list, so Maurice McDaniel is cut. Toronto beats us at home. Meanwhile, Puerto Rico wins six points in Brockton and we fall into second place.

Neumann comes into Albany with his ballclub dramatically improved, but Rudy loves to climb the offensive boards and even Frankie gets a tip-in as we rush to a 15-point lead at halftime.



Rudy Macklin:
Went to bed a Knick and
woke up a Patroon.

During the intermission, Neumann loudly accuses his players, then punches a blackboard to smithereens. Even so, Derrick plays yeoman defense on Al Smith in the fourth Q and the Pats win, 121-112 (5,2).

February 29

Bulletin: Sarasota fires Musselman. Wyoming waives Little.

March 1-3

Magley is increasingly disenchanted as his PT dwindles, even listless and silent in practice. According to Magley, Phil is doing him wrong. Rudy keeps everybody else lively with his high-pitched laughter and his sharp eye: "Hey, Cholly, I like your necktie. There must be a piece missing from your living room rug."

March 4

Lancaster is the last of the old Eastern League towns—and last in total attendance. Only 395 fans on hand inside a dank high school gym: schoolboy hoopsters, their dates and assorted groupies. Neatly attired families with 2.5 children. Also a scattering of old men whose youth was darkened inside coal mines. All the black fans are friends of the players. Before the game, an old-timer fondly remembers watching Phil on TV. "You had a beard back then, too," the old man says. "But, tell me. What was Clyde *really* like?" The same old man yowls foul curses at Phil throughout the ballgame.

Gametime: The refs are especially outrageous tonight. "Nice call!" Phil shouts. "Did you make it up all by yourself?" Then with 10:40 left in the contest, Lancaster leads by 15 for the game and 8 for the fourth Q. Timeout Albany. Phil points his face at the nearest ref. "It's a good ballgame, Ronnie. Too bad you had to miss it." "That's a T!" Phil quickly escalates the argument, forcing Ronnie Nunn to oust him from the premises.

The assistant steps in. My first substitution is Magley for Macklin, and Rudy never forgives me. But Mags makes a steal, Ralph gets hot and we're back in the chase. But Mark is too weary and commits two outlandish turnovers. We lose the fourth Q by one, the game by six (6,1).

Oh. So that's how it feels.

March 5-6

Cleveland picks up Puerto Rico's Geff Crompton but the Coquis win in Toronto and clinch first place.

March 7-8

For a reasonable fee and percentage of the gate, Jim Coyne has purchased a home game from Bay State. The battle for second place lures nearly 2,600 partisans into the Armory.

Gametime: Albany leads 121-120 with 10 seconds left when Bay State runs a play for the newest Bombardier, Al Smith. But Ralph comes from nowhere to block the shot and outrace everybody downcourt for a dramatic game-jammer.

The following night, we clinch second place at Lancaster. The Lightning now draws Puerto Rico in the playoffs and the trip to San Juan will cost \$10,000.

March 9-12

We will enjoy a 2-2-1 homecourt advantage as we prepare for Bay State. By now, Phil has instituted seven different offen-



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to splash on a little water—or your favorite mixer—well, we try to be open-minded about such things.

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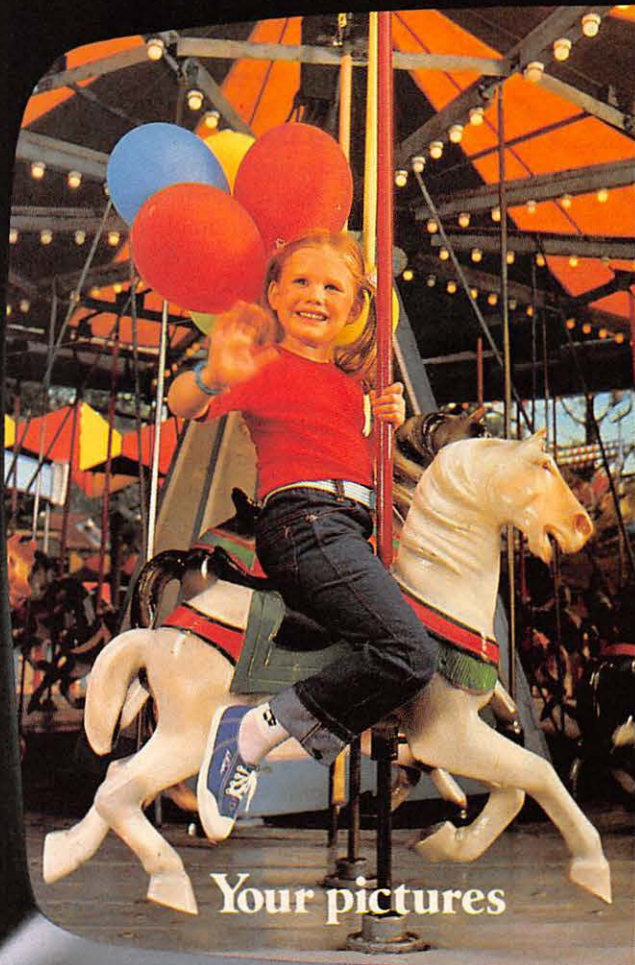


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sive sets and nearly 40 plays.

There is no playoff pool in the CBA: Albany leads the league in attendance and the ballclub's coffers will also be filled with 25 percent of the gate receipts for all road games. The players' reward is the continuance of their weekly salary for as long as the Pats stay alive.

March 13

A gigantic snowstorm strands me in Woodstock—too far south to receive WQBK from Albany and Mike Smith's play-by-play. Instead, June Jackson and I alternately long-distance the Armory box office every 15 minutes. The Pats trail by 8-10 points all game long and finally lose, 110-100. "We were flat and they out-gutted us," Phil says later. "All our fears come true."

March 14

With 1:20 elapsed in OT, the Pats still lead 2-0, only one point from victory. Suddenly Frankie steals and is on the break—pulling up now to send the J home from the foul line. But Frankie's feet slip on the treacherous surface and a whistle blows to change possession. After a strategic timeout, Bay State's point guard Glenn Hagan buries a three-point shot to claim the ballgame, 100-99. Down two games to none.

March 15-17

A weary ride to Brockton. Before the ballgame, Lowes suddenly gathers the team in the hallway and for the first time we have our chapel in a strange land. "Do your best," Lowes always says, "and trust in the Lord." *Win or lose, we are finally a team.*

Andre rules the lanes, Ralph is dynamic and we carry a 15-point lead into the fourth Q. But the Bombardiers take off again—and we need a clutch free throw from Rudy to send the game into OT. Then Bay State wins the tip and Al Smith uncorks a high-arching three pointer. Phil reaches for his clipboard and rises from his seat as the rim opens to swallow the Patroons' season. But Smitty's shot spins out and Ralph rebounds. Timeout Albany. After a few probing dribbles and the threat of a pass, Lowes casts a leftward leaning jumper from beyond the pale. The net dances and the Pats win. All of us jumping, screaming and celebrating as though we've won the championship.

Back at the hotel, the news is stunning. By all accounts, Neumann was often loud and abusive during ballgames. With the

cozy Brockton crowds, Neumann's language raised complaints from parents, children and clergy, as well as the owner's mother. Neumann was fired and rehired several times during the season. For the playoffs, owner John Ligums delivered an ultimatum to his coach: One more T and you're fired for good. "How can I coach like that?" Neumann wants to know. "Even the refs tease me about it." And after tonight's unexpected loss, Neumann calls Ligums "an asshole" for



Magley fives
Penny Elliot (right):
"Yes, that's my real name."

the benefit of the local press. As before, Jim Sleeper will take over the ballclub.

March 18

The officiating is worse than ever before. From the bench, Frankie puts his right hand to his throat and yells, "You choke asshole. Choke on your bleeping whistle!" Then Frankie goes wild in the third Q, scoring 12 consecutive points on fallaway J's from everywhere. The Bombardiers' fourth-Q rush closes the margin to 108-104. But Ralph and Andre sink their free throws and we win, 116-111, to even the series.

More jubilation in the lockerroom. New-Who?

March 19

A spirited, confident practice session. In the other Eastern Conference series, Puerto Rico loses two games at Lancaster then sweeps three at home.

March 20

An Armory attendance record of 3,026. While the visitors are introduced, several well-rehearsed Patroons fans stand up, each one perusing a newspaper open at arm's length. Even Bombardier Glenn Hagan can't help laughing.

Come game time and Andre produces 24 happy points and 10 rebounds. The Pats break open a tight ballgame in the third Q and win easily by 118-101.

First a silent prayer of thanksgiving in the lockerroom, then a howling joy. Afterwards, a mad scramble to formulate traveling arrangements to Puerto Rico.

March 21

Herb Brown is the Coquis' coach, recently named by Drucker as the CBA's coach of the year. Herb can't avoid being Larry's older brother, either—smaller, thinner, with the same relentless eyes. In 1976, Herb coached the Detroit Pistons—succeeding Ray Scott and guiding a troubled ballclub into the playoffs. But the team's troubles were never resolved and Herb was dismissed 1½ seasons later. Since then he's coached in Israel, France, Belgium, Puerto Rico. Anywhere. Searching for another chance.

Normally in an "air-travel" series, the first-place team would have a 2-3 home edge. But the Coquis' owner is advised of Albany's 20-3 regular season record at the Armory and he worries that only one of his home games is guaranteed to happen. He exercises his option, and the advantage shifts to Albany. Imagine Brown's surprise when his hard-earned playoff edge is rescinded. Now imagine how he felt back when the Cleveland Cavaliers claimed Geff Crompton, the league's MVP, right before the beginning of the playoffs.

After traveling all day, none of us is tired. Magley is along for the ride, but as the tenth, or designated "home player," will not suit up. He mopes around the periphery while everybody else heads for the beach. "Check her out, Penny. The one in the red bikini."

"I'm checking, man. I'm checking as hard as I can."

Meanwhile, Phil and I run two miles along the peaceful water's edge.

March 22

The evening is moist and languid, the grandstands not quite full. There is only one Puerto Rican on the Coquis' roster and the 1,200 in attendance is the largest gathering of the season. There's a carnival across the street, and through the open walls of the arena a ferris wheel spins and

flashes like the wheel of fortune.

The lockerroom is crowded and hot; the ballgame, brutal. Every pick is punishing as Mark Smith, Larry Lawrence and the Coquis' centers never miss a chance to "show the 'bow." Throughout the series, the Coquis only run three or four plays and seem too intent on pounding us. Perhaps a tactical mistake by Brown.

The Patroons play a courageous game, battling back from a nine-point deficit and gaining full control early in the fourth Q. Timeout Puerto Rico. Then a ref approaches to say, "The Coquis are protesting the game because assistant coaches are not allowed on the bench." But in the last seconds of the game, Puerto Rico is reduced to hurried shots and deliberate fouls as Lowes holds the ball in the backcourt and the game ticks away.

A postgame jubilation from the squalid lockerroom back to the hotel. "This team is *ours*," Frankie yells. "These suckers belong to *us*." All of us yowling and yahooping, except for Phil, who merely beams as he smokes his postgame cigar. Magley is still in his civvies, the only unhappy one among us.

March 23

Commissioner Drucker rules: The Pats' victory stands but we are fined \$1,200. Not only am I barred from the bench, I cannot be inside the arena for two hours before and two hours after the game.

"Usted esta escuchando WPRC, el sonido del basketball profesional en Puerto Rico. El Coquis esta a la cabeza por siete. Lowes Moore apunto...! La pelota no acierta!"

It's snowing back in Albany and the Pats fade in the fourth Q to lose 129-122.

March 24-26

Back in the Armory no one can handle Lowes, and Andre is a tower of power. There's another fight, another slew of technicals and the third game moves into overtime. Neither team scores for 1:41; then Lowes shoots the lights out with another off-balance three-pointer.

March 27

Gametime: The Coquis instigate one last fight and three more T's, but they miss 18 foul shots and their effort seems insincere. The Pats win, 114-109, to enter the championship series.

The official postgame party is always at On Broadway, where several white stars hang from the walls, each star embla-



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zoned with the glittering green name of a Patroon player or coach. Two TV sets replay the game. There's free beer for all and free chow for the Patroons' families. Andre is astonished: "You mean it's all the chicken wings I can eat?"

March 28-31

The Wyoming Wildcatters refuse to exchange videotapes. "I've already scouted you," says coach Jack Schalow. Instead, Phil calls a friendly Western Conference coach.

April 1

A tedious trip by van and plane—misconnecting at Denver, then riding a two-propper through a snowstorm on to Casper. Antelopes browsing on the fringes of town and the scrub brush recall Phil to his home in Montana.

April 2

After a shoot-around at the Casper Events Center—a beautifully symmetrical arena seating almost 9,000—Phil and I find a Nautilus workout in town. Then a pre-game meditation over savory Mexican food.

Gametime: The special hero of the 5,218 fans is 5-10 Del Beshore, who is renowned for making steals from behind. On the game's opening sequence, Beshore tries to snipe Frankie's dribble and runs headfirst into an elbow. To qualify for bench duty, I have been duly registered with the league office as the Patroons' trainer. "Your elbow doesn't hurt you, does it, Frankie?"

When Frankie steals a subsequent pass and speeds downcourt stuffward bound, he veers past the Wildcatters' bench and flips them the bird.

Wyoming never comes to terms with our flex offense, but the game is up-and-down until the fourth Q. Then Schweitz, Penny and Mark ignite a 17-4 surge to win the ballgame, 129-121.

Our celebration is muted since everything closes early on Sunday night in Casper the Friendly Ghost Town.

April 3

The illusion is dead—with the NBA season coming to a close, there will be no 10-day trials for anybody. All we have is each other. Rudy conducts the pre-game chapel. "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want."

Gametime: Overconfident, we are caught by surprise in an ornery ballgame. Derrick is on a roll but Charles Bradley throws a sucker punch and both are

ejected. The game gets rowdy. Then, with 14 seconds left the Pats have the ball trailing by two. Phil has called Rudy's number and Macklin is clobbered in the act as the buzzer sounds. But the refs unplug their whistles and quickly vamoose.

Later in the hotel's disco-bar, one of the offending refs says, "I could never make that call in front of those people. Besides, he never got fouled. Macklin should have made the shot anyway. Besides, you're better than those guys. You'll beat them two straight in Albany."

April 4

Over 16 hours in transit. Sitting next to Johnny High from Denver to New York: "I played in Phoenix for three years, then I dislocated my shoulder in training camp. I wanted to buy a house and they

Tonight there's free chow for the Patroons. Andre is astonished. "You mean it's all the chicken wings I can eat?"

said go ahead. Two weeks later I was cut." High doesn't like playing in Wyoming. "The players are too young and frivolous. They don't know what a ruthless business this is."

April 5

A comfortable win at the Armory, 120-111. Beshore habitually dribbles hard to his right, then comes behind his back and spins left. A difficult maneuver for Lowes to contain, but cake for Mark Jones. Shooter Boot Bond manages only eight points and Orlando Phillips misses 11 free throws. Ralph and Lowes sustain our offense and even Magley plays well.

April 6-7

The Patroons are already lining up their Saturday-night parties. For special inspiration, Phil wears his 1973 NBA championship ring. But Beshore distributes 14 assists and the Wildcatters square the series with a surprisingly easy 128-112 win.

April 8

For the championship of the CBA—the

commish is on hand and the prestigious Drucker Trophy sits on the scorer's table.

Gametime: The Wildcatters jump to a 16-point lead behind Boot Bond's phenomenal sharpshooting—15-22 from long range. But Andre and Ralph assert themselves and Mark throws a bag over Beshore. Wyoming leads by two at halftime. Then Phil benches Frankie and John, putting fast hands in the passing lanes with Mark and Lowes at guard. Andre plays with a cool frenzy and only Bond's heroic efforts keep the game tight. *Grooving at last. The crisp resolution of every play. The entire season pouring forth like a waterfall into the sea.* With Mark and Andre keying a last furious rush, the final margin grows to 119-109.

The fans instantly swarm the court for a champagne bedlam. Laughing, hugging and dancing—it's fun to be the best.

But Phil slips away unnoticed to console the losers. And deep in their hearts the real players know that the game is already done and won, the true moment of that celebration is already passed. And Magley refuses to shake Phil's hand.

The Albany crowd validates Jim Drucker's commissionership by booing his name when he makes the official presentations. Then on to another mad champagne-shampooing at On Broadway—where a boisterous fan slips from atop the bar in mid-moon and slashes his naked ass on a beer glass.

April 9

There's a lunchtime rally in downtown Albany that draws some 3,000 citizens. Each player has a turn at the microphone: Magley is witty, Lowes is grateful and Frankie J. gloriously announces his retirement. "I want to spend more time with my family. I've always wanted to go out with a championship."

There's another Patroon shindig later that evening. The hot buzz is that Ralph and Andre are invited to the Spurs' training camp. Lowes will try out with Utah. Schweitz with Houston. Magley apologizes to Phil. Perhaps Mark will enter graduate school.

Then Lowes gathers the team around him for one last huddle. "Phil wants us to decide what to do with the fine money," says Lowes. "It comes to \$270."

"That's \$27 each," says Penny.

The motion is carried by unanimous vote.

And the flavor never lasts long enough for Frankie J. "It sure felt good," he says, sidling up with a drink in his hand. "I wonder how it feels to repeat..." ★



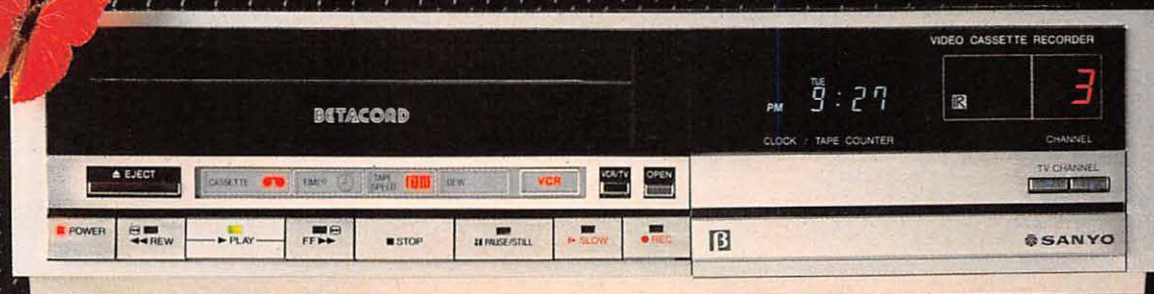
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SPORT QUIZ

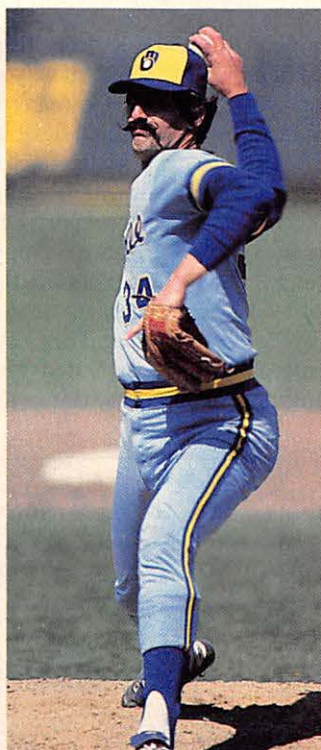
1. Which relief pitcher is the all-time leader in saves (6) in World Series play?



a. Tug McGraw



b. Burt Hooton



c. Rollie Fingers



d. Goose Gossage

2. George Brett and Reggie Jackson each have hit six playoff home runs, the most in the American League. Who leads the National League, with seven?

- a. George Foster
- b. Tony Perez
- c. Steve Garvey
- d. Mike Schmidt

3. The major league record for consecutive game appearances (5) by a pitcher in one playoff series was set in 1980. Name the pitcher.

4. Sparky Anderson has the most playoff victories (14) among active managers. Who is second with 10?

- a. Whitey Herzog
- b. Dick Williams
- c. Tom Lasorda
- d. Chuck Tanner

5. Match the NBA player with the category he led last season.

- | | |
|-------------------|--------------------|
| a. Adrian Dantley | 1. Rebounding |
| b. Moses Malone | 2. Assists |
| c. Magic Johnson | 3. Field goal pct. |
| d. Artis Gilmore | 4. Scoring |

6. Only four active NFL coaches have 100 or more career victories. Which

of the following coaches has yet to win 50 games?

- a. Tom Flores
- b. Forrest Gregg
- c. Bum Phillips
- d. Sam Rutigliano

7. Match the player with his given name.

- | | |
|----------------------|-------------|
| a. Archie Manning | 1. Lyvonnia |
| b. Lynn Dickey | 2. Anthony |
| c. Cris Collinsworth | 3. Elisha |
| d. Stump Mitchell | 4. Clifford |

8. Only one active pitcher has won World Series games for both American and National League clubs. Name him.

9. The World Series record for most hits in one game is five. Who set it?

- a. Robin Yount
- b. Davey Lopes
- c. Pete Rose
- d. Paul Molitor

10. Of all major league teams, the New York Yankees have won the most world championships (22). Which team ranks second in the American League with five?

11. Only one man has hit home runs in his first two at-bats in the World Series. Name him.

12. Four active quarterbacks have gained over 2,000 yards rushing in their NFL careers. Which of the following QBs has *not*?

- a. Archie Manning
- b. Steve Grogan
- c. Ken Anderson
- d. Joe Theismann

13. The team that led the NFL in fewest touchdowns rushing last season scored only four. Which team was it?

- a. San Diego Chargers
- b. Green Bay Packers
- c. Buffalo Bills
- d. Tampa Bay Buccaneers

The Stumper

Only two men in major league history have ever played for the winning team in a perfect game *twice* in their careers. Name them and the teams they played for.

Answer the Stumper and win a SPORT T-shirt. In case of a tie, we'll draw three winners. The Stumper answer will appear next month; other answers are on page 24. Send postcards only (with T-shirt size) to SPORT Quiz, 119 West 40th Street, N.Y., N.Y. 10018, by Oct. 5.

FINISH LINE

Survival of the fittest.

by Joe Flower

Working for Georgia Frontiere isn't all sunshine and Eskimo pies. If you want to contribute to the success of the Los Angeles Rams, you have to have the talent. That's number one, right up front. Then there's attitude—that's number two. You've got to have the determination and pride to work hard. There's no room for a showboat. You have to work together.

Number three? "Looks. Yes, I would say looks are definitely number three," says Mardy Medders, creative director of the Rams.

We have come to watch the grueling ritual of football training camp—the incessant running and rerunning of routines, the physical conditioning, the precision teamwork. We are watching four squads of the Los Angeles Rams cheerleaders work out in rotation, 37 all together, who have survived the cuts from a thousand who show up for tryouts every year.

"One, two. Swing out. Swing out."

Everyone has to try out, even the veterans. Half of the veterans don't make it. Others get dropped for breaking rules. This is the NFL. You show up for practice, know the routines, make weight and don't date the players, or you're out. Life's a bitch, then you die, what can you say?

The music blares from portable speakers, "Beat It" one moment, "Boogie Woogie Bugle Boy of Company B" the next, on into "Chariots of Fire." Choreographer and staging director Nancy Gregory shouts instructions. Everything echoes under the harsh lights.

"Maria, be mighty! You get that whole section. Be warm. They're your family."

We are in a high school gymnasium deep in wildest Anaheim. Some rookies stop dead in the middle of a routine. Gregory slaps her forehead and falls backward, laughing. "I'll pretend I didn't see that," she shouts. Gregory, a lively blonde ballerina gone Hollywood, has choreographed everything from music videos to TV commercials, including an aerobics workout for the Rams themselves.

One, two, three, four, hip thrust, kick!

Shoulder drop, five, six, seven, eight. "Lynn, let's move your group to the back. We have too many bodies."

Depth and flexibility are important to Mardy Medders, a tall, tough, cheerful woman with blonde hair that goes halfway to Newport Beach and a figure to make Rubens happy.

Medders is the boss, the only female entertainment director in the NFL. She tends toward basic black and large frameless rose-tinted glasses. Though her charges say things like, "Mardy makes it

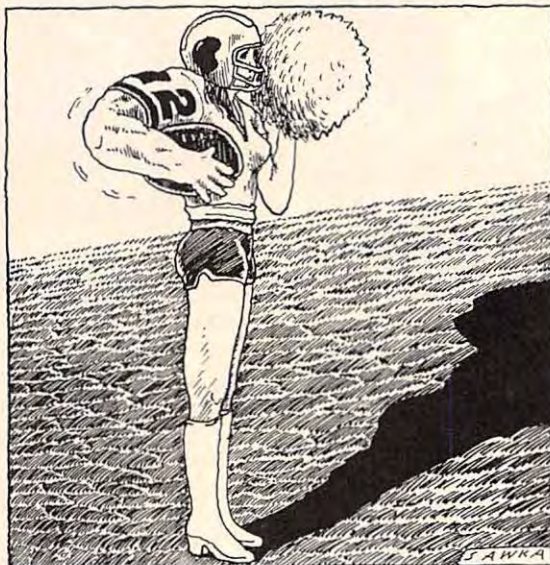


ILLUSTRATION BY JAN SAWKA

all so much fun," and Medders says, "We try to instill a genuine sense of caring," she is exacting. Protective. Sometimes difficult. She has little use for the press. "Some articles have been very hurtful," she says, expecting another winking put-down of her team. "Besides, who needs the ink? I have 400 shows scheduled for the coming year—television, USO tours, county fairs, charities, fashion shows."

"Start off on three-four, right, three."

The Rams Cheerleaders show owes less to high school game rallies than it does to *Flashdance* and the Bal du Moulin Rouge. Tonight the pom-poms are packed in their stuff sacks, the show costumes—white vinyl, calf-length, high-heel boots, fishnet stockings, gold-sequined headbands and white rhinestone leotards—are in the wash. Tonight in the summer heat it's tube tops and jeans. Gregory shouts,

"Let's go for sheer sweat."

"One, two, three, four—use it for positioning—five, six, seven, eight—thrust, thrust, thrust, thrust—one, two, three, four—pretty, ladies."

They are black, white, Hispanic, Asian, 18-year-old rookies and 32-year-old veterans, skinny and *zaftig*, actresses, models, dancers, receptionists, clerks and secretaries. But no one is fat, no one is ugly and no one is under 5-6 or over 5-10.

Kick, pull, step, step.

How about injuries? "None. Nancy works them out very well. And I'm happy with our depth. If we get down to 32 I'll still be doing fine."

Just three days ago, Medders' dance captain, Christy, nearly removed herself from the lineup with a crushed thumb in a mid-show bam-bam fracas with a tambourine. A small, energetic sparkler—kind of a blonde Mary Lou Retton—Christy insisted that she be allowed to complete the show at San Diego's Naval Training Center. Later X-rays showed no break, but the docs insisted she immobilize it with a sling for 10 days. "I've got shows to do," she replied. Tonight she wears no sling, no bandage, and does cartwheels.

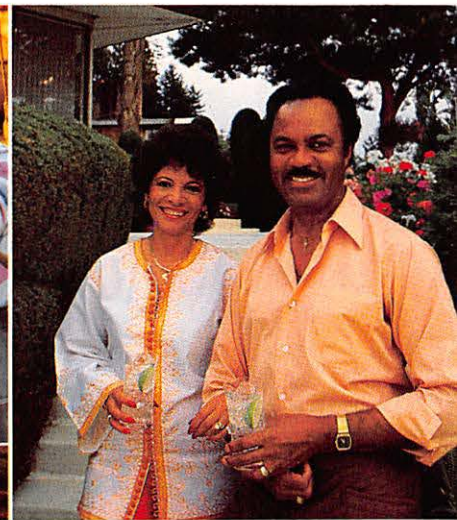
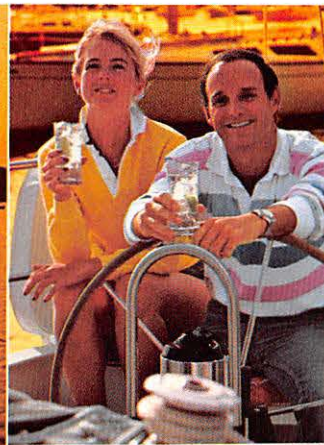
All get the NFL standard: \$25 each per game, maybe \$50 for a show, up to \$250 for the whole nine yards at a convention. Some top performers do 100 shows per year. The top dozen form the elite "show group." This is what the rookies aim for: the first unit, the starting team. The show's USO tours have taken it everywhere, from Greenland to Beirut, from Italy to the Philippines.

Second-year vet Babette, a 20-year-old former college cheerleader who is now a clerk at Hughes Aircraft, says, "I'll try out each year until I don't make it." Rookie Angie, also 20, is an actress from L.A. "I plan to stay in until I get too old," she says. Mandy, another rookie, with freckles and huge, soft eyes, says, "I was afraid the girls would all be so pretty and they wouldn't talk to me. But they do. It's like a family." Mandy is one of the prettiest of all.

High step, hip thrust, shoulder dip, point toe. "Ladies, when you walk, do it to the beat."

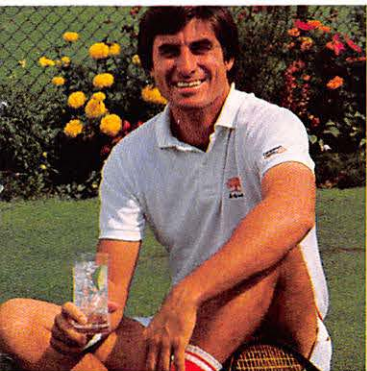
Rum and Tonic. It's What's Happening.

All across America, people are switching to Puerto Rican white rum because it's smoother than vodka or gin.



For "Jazz" skipper John Fisher, there's no better sailing than breezy Marblehead. And no better way to celebrate sailing than with a Puerto Rican white rum and tonic. Crew member Grace Rowe obviously agrees.

Above Seattle's Lake Washington, architect Ray Merriwether and wife Barbara enjoy rum and tonic.

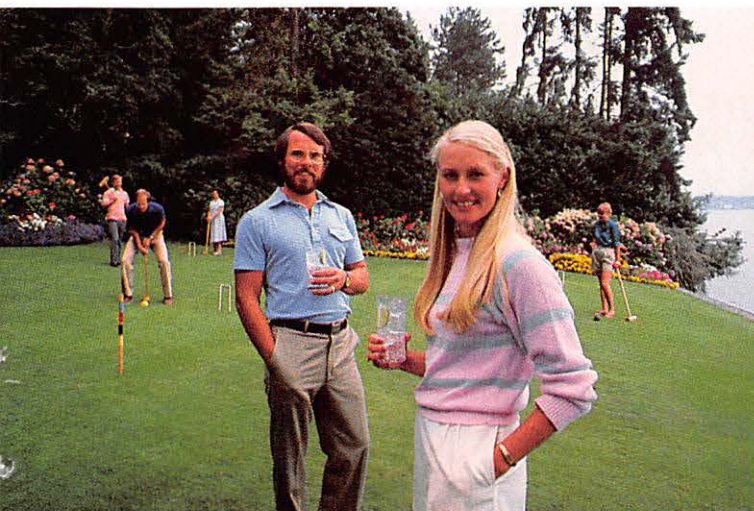


La Quinta Hotel's Tennis Club pro Charlie Pasarell, of Puerto Rico, savors a white rum.

At Santa Fe's truly enchanting Rancho Encantado, equestrians Ronni Egan and Leslie Hammel clear the dust of a hot trail with a cool Puerto Rican white rum and tonic. That's Lori Peterson tending the horses.



Santurce, Puerto Rico residents Manny and Nora Casiano publish "Caribbean Business". Their drink... rum and tonic.



On the greens of this exquisite Seattle estate, croquet is the order of the day. While Dave and Danita Herbig wait for winners they enjoy another "order of the day"... Puerto Rican white rum and tonic.



Puerto Rican white rum has a smoothness vodka or gin can't match. Because it's aged one full year—by law.



Composer Bruce Gilman and wife Nancy, a gourmet caterer, enjoy a warm New England afternoon and a cool white rum and tonic.

RUMS OF PUERTO RICO
Aged for smoothness and taste.

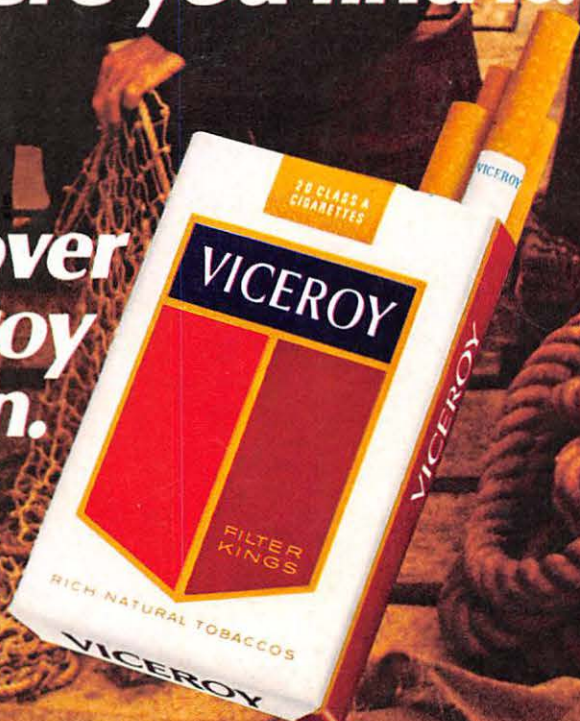


For free "Light Rums of Puerto Rico" recipes, write Rums of Puerto Rico, Dept. SM-7, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, N.Y., NY 10104 ©1984 Government of Puerto Rico

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VICEROY Kings, 15 mg "tar", 0.9 mg.
nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar. '84.

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